

THE  
MONTH

OCTOBER 1956

PSYCHIATRY AND  
CATHOLIC THOUGHT

E. B. STRAUSS

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# THE MONTH

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New Series

OCTOBER 1956

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## COMMENT

### 1. *Cardinal Griffin*

IN ITS OBITUARY NOTICE of the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, *The Times* justly remarked that "throughout his life Dr. Griffin was a man of the Gospel; an evangelical." Here was the secret of that radiant personality, that exceptional capacity for affection matched by a power to command affectionate loyalty in return. For this trait was more than a merely natural good-fellowship, though it included that; it was a spark struck from the charity of his Master, whose delight it was to be with the children of men. "When he talked to you," someone said of him, "you felt that he *wanted* to talk to you." No one who knew Cardinal Griffin personally could be unaware that it was this Christ-inspired charity that generated the whirlwind activity, the phenomenal energy he displayed in the social apostolate, the struggle for the schools and the care of orphans in this country, no less than in his international missions and transcontinental journeyings. His self-forgetful devotion in the promotion of causes and movements sprang from a genuine benevolence towards human beings as individuals, whom he so gladly met in personal encounter—whether the priests he ordained, the children he knew so easily how to chaff and charm, or the stricken, the destitute and the bereaved in France, Poland and Germany. It was no accident that his missions to war-ravaged Europe followed hard on his self-dedication when, on the occasion of his enthronement at Westminster, he took for his own the words: "He hath sent me to preach the Gospel to the poor." The immense activity of his first years at Westminster spoke eloquently of his resolve to play his part in rebuilding human associations closer to the pattern of Christ's reign. If the years brought their disappointments, as experience disclosed the stubborn complexity of human ills and fortune dealt some cruel blows, neither his idealism nor his Christian optimism was quenched. Because his trust was in God, his serenity remained unshaken, and his dauntless courage has been everywhere saluted. The extent of his

achievement it is too early yet to measure; but already this can be said, that when in due time history comes to judgment, she will record that upon that part of the City of God that is set on English hills, towards the end of Bernard Griffin's days at Westminster the light was shining some degrees more brightly.

From his many and various activities and interests, too numerous even to be listed here, we will single out only one which appears to have escaped general remark. No cause lay nearer to his heart than the return of his fellow-countrymen to their ancient Faith and the one Fold of Christ. He thought that this would be most surely achieved by Catholics really living their Faith and proving themselves wholehearted and full-time Christians. At the same time his own frank and generous nature, joined to a Christian readiness to co-operate in all beneficent enterprises, won him widespread respect and endeared him to many beyond the frontiers of the Church. Dr. Wand, sometime Bishop of London, generously acknowledged this spirit of co-operation, which incidentally reduced the friction which the Church's exclusive claims so easily generate between Catholics and other Christians. What is, however, less generally known is the intense personal interest he showed in individual converts. Especially when these came from the ranks of the Anglican ministry, his sympathy took the most practical forms, leading him to explore every possible means that might make smoother for the children of the Reformation the path of return. He had a genuine understanding and sympathy for the distress inseparable from such conversions, and was emphatic in reassuring convert clergy that their past ministry in the Anglican Church had not been wasted. He would receive them with that combination of dignity and graciousness which, developing out of an earlier informality, took on in his last years an other-worldly quality that was rarely touching. It was a joy to him to confirm them himself in his private chapel and then to dispatch them to Rome for their speedier Ordination.

We salute the passing of a great-hearted Christian. *Requiescat in pace.*

## 2. Suez: Sense and Sentiment

IN CYPRUS, our last remaining outpost in the eastern Mediterranean, it may still be possible to overcome terrorism and restore order by negotiating, within the framework of N.A.T.O., a settlement which shall reconcile Cypriot aspirations with the needs of Western defence. The crisis in Egypt and the Arab world is more serious. The nursery-governess attitude of our administrators in Egypt in the past, combined with our choice of competent but uninspiring soldiers for key posts in the Egyptian army, lost us the chance of winning the cordial esteem of the small native *élite* who might have controlled the destinies of an independent but friendly Egypt. As it is, any such influence in the post-Islamic Middle East has been far outweighed by an atheistic humanism derived from Western universities and a materialism that is attracted by the might of the Soviet system. In his important study, *Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East*,<sup>1</sup> Walter Z. Laqueur has recently pointed out that "most if not all of the students lose in Europe the few religious convictions they may have had previously; they are now in a spiritual no-man's-land, lacking roots, and thus ready to adopt any *ersatz* religion that comes their way." The Arab countries are now exceptionally favourable breeding grounds for Communism, and Nasser sees in the fact an opportunity to blackmail the West.

The problem of the Canal is bound up with the whole question of European-Arab relations, and has now been allowed to become further complicated by considerations of prestige. But how important is the Canal itself to Britain or the Commonwealth? That it plays a great part in world trade is obvious; but it is no longer *vital* to the British Commonwealth. In time of war the Canal is highly vulnerable and its traffic presents to aircraft the equivalent of a sitting target. We survived the deprivation of the Canal during most of the last war. In peace-time the denial of its use would cause a temporary dislocation of the flow of merchandise, particularly of oil, to our ports. But once we had constructed more of the large new tankers and equipped them with the latest engines, the haul round the Cape would be little more

<sup>1</sup> Routledge and Kegan Paul, 32s.

expensive than the Canal route with its tolls. The Canal, after all, no longer leads to Imperial India and the army once stationed there. It is, therefore, unrealistic to speak of it as "the jugular vein" of the Commonwealth. The use of the Canal, then, is not essential to us; but the world's use of it is economically vital to Egypt. For Egypt its revenues have always been important, and she now proposes to build the Aswan Dam with them. The principal users of the Canal have only to boycott it, and Egypt must soon come to terms. For us the total burden of the operation might be considerable; the policy would entail readiness for sacrifice. But Nasser could hardly dare to accept our challenge, and, if he did, he would soon lose in the ensuing economic struggle. In any case, it is important to defeat Nasser, and defeat him without resort to arms or any other spectacular gesture that might unite the Arabs in a jihad.

It would, however, be quite another matter if the Western European countries were denied access to the oil resources of the Middle East. The real danger implicit in the present crisis is that, unless Nasser's stock falls sharply, not only will he himself be encouraged in further blackmail, but his flirtation with Moscow may be emulated by countries such as Syria and Lebanon, where Communist influence is hardly less strong than in Egypt. The implication of the U.S.S.R. in the present crisis is clear enough. On 24 July—just two days before the *pronunciamento*—the Soviet Ambassador to Egypt was closeted with President Nasser for two hours. Five weeks earlier the 17 June edition of the Cairo weekly, *Rose al Yusuf*, had declared that the British evacuation of Suez reflected the growth of the "world peace movement," the expansion of the Socialist market, and the decline of monopoly capitalism. Here was already the language of the popular front and the fruits of Mr. Shepilov's mission to Cairo in July 1955 at the moment when Bulganin and Khrushchev were boasting at Geneva of their concern to reduce world tension. Yet it may not be long before President Nasser finds that he has outsmarted himself. A military man, Nasser is no more than a puppet in international politics. Mr. Laqueur has shrewdly observed that beneath the top leadership of such innocents "there is already a group of wire-pullers who know very well what they want. It would probably take no more than the replacement of ten or twenty people to make the present 'left-wing fascist' régime a



Communist dictatorship . . . the *present* régime is already the first stage of a people's democracy, Middle Eastern style."

We must also take into account the Arab-Israel vendetta. Armed and influenced by the Communist Powers, Egypt is likely sooner or later to seek the annihilation of Israel, with a view both to the final liquidation of Western influence in the Middle East and to the cementing of Arab unity under Cairo's leadership. While Israel is not entirely guiltless in this quarrel, there is massive evidence of Cairo's intransigence since 1947. She has acted in flagrant disregard of her own word pledged at the Convention of Rhodes. That Egypt has violated the truce no less than Israel, is clear from the report of the Armistice Commission and other evidence. On 9 January 1955 Major Salem declared publicly: "Egypt must wipe out the shame of the Palestinian war. Even if Israel carries out all the U.N. decisions, we shall never make peace with her." Two months earlier Cairo radio had proclaimed: "Egypt sees in Israel a cancer which endangers the Arab peoples. Egypt is the surgeon that must cut out this cancer." This is partly, no doubt, the language natural and necessary to a modern dictatorship, like Hitler's harping on "encirclement." Nevertheless, there is real evidence that Egypt genuinely regards the armistice as a shield behind which she can prepare against the day of revenge.

On her side, Israel has not always conducted herself impeccably. However, she has been subjected to considerable provocation, her earlier misdeeds have been exaggerated in certain quarters,<sup>1</sup> and for some years now she has acted with a high degree of correctness. Now, it is regrettable that the creation of Israel provided Russia with an opportunity for intervention. But, however natural Arab resentment and fears may be at the creation of a Jewish State, Israel has now certain prescriptive rights. Ethical principle, no less than expediency, requires that Nasser be restrained from attacking her. It is incumbent on the Western powers to keep the peace.

<sup>1</sup> Including, we regret to say, ourselves, in that part of our Comment (December 1955) which criticised Israel's conduct during and immediately after the Arab-Israel war, and particularly in the paragraph linking pages 329 and 330. We regret that paragraph and are now happy to withdraw it. Moreover, since we then quoted a vigorous protest by a Greek Catholic archbishop, we take this opportunity of mentioning that Catholic authorities in Israel have since acknowledged Israeli tolerance in more recent years and commended the generous compensation given by Israel for the destruction of Church property.

The question of prestige is now clearly central in the Suez question. The deflation of Colonel Nasser is all the more important because of his great injury to France in providing a firm base in Egypt from which the trouble-makers, first in Tunisia and now in Algeria, have organised rebellion and the supply of arms. When faced with Colonel Nasser's *Diktat* of 26 July, Britain and France would have been justified, had it been militarily practicable, in reoccupying the Canal zone immediately by one swift and almost bloodless blow. Since that was apparently not possible, then, so far from building up the crisis, we should have played it down. The proper attitude for the Foreign Office was a gay insouciance, while the Government ostentatiously ordered the big tankers. It was clear from the start that, for every kind of reason, it would be impossible to go to war *later*. We should have addressed the Arabs and the Egyptian people—and we still should—in these terms: "Unless the world's free use of the Canal is guaranteed for the future by international control (ownership remaining Egyptian), we shall boycott the Canal. Its revenues are vital to Egypt's economy. President Nasser may claim to be the man who freed his country from the West, but, if he persists in his course, he will go down in history rather as the man who sold Egypt to the Russians, the hereditary enemy of Islam. His true prototype is Mussolini, who won a Pyrrhic victory in Abyssinia at the price of making his own country a German protectorate, so that for twenty years Italy was deprived of freedom. An Egypt governed by Nasser's folly will never see its land fertilised from the high Nile, and soon the bill for Russian arms will be coming in." There are sane and influential elements in Egypt who would understand such language. And Nasser's rivals, the Arab oil kings, know by now the value of European markets. The whole Arab world, moreover, can be led to see that Communism is no less deadly a foe of Islam than of Christianity.

The lesson for ourselves is the folly of the assumption that, in this era of "peaceful co-existence," the H-bomb has rendered the "lesser deterrent" of conventional armies unnecessary to the defence of freedom.



# PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE AND CATHOLIC THOUGHT<sup>1</sup>

By

、 E. B. STRAUSS

**I**T IS A SURPRISING FACT that very few people understand the difference between psychology, psychological medicine (or psychiatry, as it is commonly called nowadays), psychotherapy, psychoanalysis and many other words beginning with the letters *psych*. I should explain that it would be necessary for me to begin a talk of this kind with a few very elementary definitions, even if I were addressing the Royal Society itself.

When I have cleared the ground in this respect, I shall be in a better position to say something about the problems posed by psychiatry and about the challenge of the modern psychiatrist, especially in so far as they affect Catholics.

Psychology is that science which deals with the nature, functions and phenomenology of the mind. It is so vast a subject that it inevitably divides itself into various special branches: educational psychology, social psychology, physiological psychology, experimental psychology, industrial psychology, animal and comparative psychology, clinical psychology, anthropological psychology and a great many other sub-divisions. Strictly speaking, no one has a right to be classified as a psychologist unless he has taken a University degree in psychology, or its equivalent. Very few psychologists are, in addition, medically qualified. The fact that I am this year President of the British Psychological Society is a curious anomaly and should not be allowed to fog you; for I do not hold a University degree in psychology.

Psychological medicine, or psychiatry, in the words of Curran and Guttman, "is that branch of medicine whose special province is the study, prevention and treatment of all types and degrees of mental ill-health, however produced." A psychiatrist, therefore,

<sup>1</sup> A Lauriston Lecture delivered in Edinburgh.

is first and foremost a physician, who, like any other specialist, must have enjoyed special training and experience in his chosen discipline in addition to his basic training in medicine and surgery. His general training perhaps lays special emphasis on neurology. Neurology, by the way, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary* is the scientific study or knowledge of the anatomy, functions, and diseases of the nerves and nervous system.

By psychotherapy is meant the empirical application of psychological principles to the *treatment* of psychogenic ill-health and mal-adjustment, by which term I mean "functional" disorders of the mind, *i.e.*, those which are ostensibly psychological in nature and origin. A psychotherapist, therefore, should be a psychiatrist, who owing to special aptitude, interests and training, concerns himself mainly with psychological treatment. However, there are a number of medically unqualified psychotherapists who, for the most part, are associated with one or other of the special "schools" of medical psychology, such as psychoanalysis, which itself calls for a special definition.

Psychoanalysis, in its narrower sense, is a special instance of psychotherapy, which derives from the teaching of Freud (the centenary of whose birth was celebrated on 6 May this year) and the use of the special psychotherapeutic technique evolved by Freud and his orthodox followers. Strictly speaking, no one has the right to call himself a psychoanalyst unless he has gone through the psychoanalytical mill, a process which takes four years, and has become an accredited member of The Institute of Psychoanalysis. I am not a psychoanalyst!

May I mention, *en passant*, that the psychotherapists who follow Jung call themselves "analytical psychologists"—to distinguish themselves, I suppose, from the psychoanalysts; and the few remaining disciples of the late Dr. Alfred Adler are known as "individual psychologists."

Therefore, neither you nor anyone else can be blamed for being a bit muddled by the terminology. However, I think I have said enough for you to understand that I am a psychiatrist, a special kind of physician.

The very word "psychiatrist," is an emotive one; for one cannot read a modern novel, go to the cinema or the theatre without a psychiatrist, usually grossly caricatured, popping up. He may be sleek and sinister or a bogus sort of saint, *à la* T. S.

Eliot; but he is always larger than life. The average person, including the average educated person, pictures a psychiatrist as a faultlessly dressed man, occupying a luxurious suite in Harley Street, spending all his "working" time discussing their sex-lives with duchesses. Would that it were so!

In point of fact, the great majority of psychiatrists work in mental hospitals or in institutions for mental defectives, and are far from being glamorous, elegant or even sinister.

To show you what that means, let me give you some statistics which applied to England and Wales in the year 1938. I am far too delicate-minded to give you the figures for Scotland: in that year there were 159,000 patients under care in the mental hospitals of England and Wales, and the admission-rate was increasing by 2,000 annually. If that figure be broken down, it means that one in thirty-five of all Britons south of the border will at one time or another be a patient in a mental hospital.

In the same year, there were some 90,000 certified mental defectives resident in institutions for mental defectives, and 300,000 certifiable mental defectives waiting for beds which did not, and still do not, exist. I will not bother you with technical details, but I must point out that to be deemed certifiably mentally defective, one has to be exceedingly sub-intelligent.

Some 41 per cent of all hospital beds administered by the Ministry of Health are psychiatric beds!

There are no reliable statistics dealing with straightforward neuroses, psychoneuroses masquerading as bodily ill-health and psychosomatic disorders; but a conservative estimate would be that some 40 per cent of patients seen by doctors of all kinds, at all times, are suffering from the kind of minor ill-health which is largely psychogenic, a term which I have already defined.

It can be seen, then, that since psychiatrists should know all that there is to be known about the psychoses (the various kinds of insanity), mental deficiency, psychoneurosis and psychosomatic medicine, they have very little time left over for dealing with rich old ladies suffering from "imaginary" disorders, whatever they may be.

However, even that does not cover all the knowledge that a specialist in psychological medicine is expected to possess: he is required to have an expert knowledge of the various social problem-groups in the population: the unemployed and the

unemployable, the accident-prone, prostitutes, delinquents (juvenile and adult), sexual deviants, alcoholics, drug-addicts, and many other groups.

The psychiatrist is certainly not praeternaturally wise, but, God help him, he must be almost praeternaturally knowledgeable; but, for some reason or other, he is expected to be praeternaturally wise as well. There are good psychiatrists and bad psychiatrists, in the same way as there are both good and bad doctors of other kinds. For the most part, psychiatrists are over-worked medical men and women employing tools which are possibly some fifty years less advanced than those available for the practitioner of scientific medicine in other branches.

Doctors have always been ambivalently regarded. We do not resort to doctors except under compulsion; for in doing so, we place ourselves blindly in their power. From the point of view of the deep emotions evoked, every doctor is not far removed from a witch-doctor. If that be true of an ordinary medical man, it is doubly true in the case of the psychiatrist.

Although we may resent it if a surgeon tells us that we have a carcinoma of the lung and must have the affected organ removed, we somehow resent it more if we are told by a psychiatrist that we have a depressive illness which requires treatment by electrical methods. A psychiatrist seems to be in a position to wield more power than anyone else. It is he who has to decide that the time has really come for Aunt Clare, who is convinced that she is being persecuted by the Jesuits, and is constantly applying for police protection, to go into a mental hospital—against her will, it may be. It is for the psychiatrist to tell the incensed parents that little Hamish has an Intelligence Quotient of only eighty-three and could not possibly pass the entrance examination into Fettes. How could the psychiatrist be a popular figure?

Even so, there is a great difference between awareness of our own prejudices and emotionally over-determined attitudes, and our acting on them as though they were entirely rational.

I have the impression that prejudice against and suspicion of the psychiatrist are no less strong and common amongst Catholics as amongst other people. I feel that I can say this in a largely Catholic audience without being misunderstood. The reasons for this are worth examination.

There is a comfortable, but superstitious, belief amongst many

Catholics, lay and clerical alike, that one could not possibly become neurotic or psychotic if one avoided mortal sin and went to the Sacraments regularly. Yet, I would contend, there have been neurotic, psychotic, and even mentally sub-intelligent saints.

Amongst the many reasons for this popular belief is the failure to differentiate between the soul and the psyche. The three aspects of man which we, in our technical jargon, call *soma*, *psyche* and *soul* (if we happen to believe in the soul) are only *body*, *mind* and *spirit* in more popular terminology. The psyche, however, conceptually speaking, is rather more than mind, in so far as it embraces more than mere intellection. Moreover, making use of analogical thinking, it is differently *structured* from what the great scholastic philosophers thought it to be.

One is always entitled to quote oneself without special acknowledgment, so I would like to repeat what I said about this in another place: "What is the psyche with which medical psychology and psychotherapy are concerned? It is important to assert from the start that the psyche with which the medical psychologist deals is conceptually different from the soul as defined by the theologian. By the psyche we mean the sum-total of what we experience both actually and potentially—actual experience constituting the conscious, latent and potential experience the unconscious. Now experience tends to concentrate at two poles—the ego and the non-ego (the external world). Awareness of self as the focus of experience is also a form of experience; therefore the psyche at the same time as it is the sum-total of experience of which the ego forms a part, *i.e.* that part of the whole complex which remains after subtraction of what we call the external world (the non-ego); conversely, the psyche is a component of the ego—that part which remains when the body is taken away!

"The soul of theology is conceived of in terms of a different kind of discipline. The soul is that part of a man which is unique, individually created, and endowed with survival-value. It perceives true and real values, not only phenomena, is modified by values, and transformed by Grace. However, the point that I wish to make is that the soul is a theological concept, and hence only understandable in theological and ontological terms, whereas the psyche is a psychological construct."

That kind of formulation will be unfamiliar to those philosophers whose psychology is rooted in the writings of St. Thomas,



whose ideas, new in his time, were very much resented by the Christian Platonists. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the differentiation, at the conceptual level, of the body, the psyche and the soul which I have just made does not conflict with St. Thomas's views.

In *de Anima* he says that the *mind* (we today might say the psyche), the principle of intellectual activity, is the form of the human body. And he goes on to say: "the body's first animating principle is the soul. And since life is manifested by various activities in the various grades of living things, that which is the first principle of these vital activities is the soul."

Indeed, it seems to me that the psychological teaching of St. Thomas is much more "modern" than that of Descartes or any of the philosophers and psychologists who came after him, right up to the time of Freud. For St. Thomas was not content to limit his psychology to the study of intellection and to formulate clear-cut ideas derived from introspection *à la* Descartes; he preferred the study of man as a total, living, human substance. It is for that reason that I have often stated elsewhere that the word "anthropology," would be preferable to the term "psychology" were it not for the fact that in modern usage that word has acquired a much narrower connotation.

We sometimes forget that scientific medicine is a very recent development in human thought. It was not so long ago that all forms of illness were thought to be a direct consequence of sin and that certain forms of bodily disorder and nearly all forms of insanity were attributed to demoniacal possession. Inevitably, therefore, for many centuries in Christian Europe medicine in all its branches seemed to derive more from moral and dogmatic theology than from scientific disciplines which had not as yet even begun to appear on the horizon of human thought.

Those who are interested in the evolution of medical thought from ancient Assyrian days until modern times would find Professor Entralgo's book, *Mind and Body*, fascinating reading.

That is perhaps another reason why psychological medicine and psychosomatic medicine, the most recent developments in scientific and near-scientific medical thinking, have come in—rightly, properly and inevitably—for careful scrutiny by moral theologians and Catholic philosophers. Perhaps the most important reason for a lingering suspicion by Catholics of psychiatry

and its practitioners is the false identification, already mentioned, of psychiatry in the wide sense with Freudian psychoanalysis in the narrower sense, and the belief that any form of psychotherapy which makes use of the concept of the unconscious must necessarily deny the principle of free will. In other words, no distinction is drawn between *psychological* determinism and *philosophical* determinism. St. Thomas, however, clearly states that *appetitus* and *voluntas* are not to be identified with *liberum arbitrium*.

Psychological determinism is just as valid (and limited) a concept as bodily determinism or genetic determinism. None of these forms of determinism conflict with the doctrine of free will.

For instance, if the arteries of my brain start to harden (cerebral arteriosclerosis) the result may be a deterioration in my morals, manners and intellect—bodily or somatic determinism.

Examples of genetic determinism affecting human conduct will occur to all of you. For example, if I inherit certain genes, I am liable during adolescence to develop a form of insanity, in the course of which I am, let us say, compelled by terrifying and threatening voices to murder my father with an axe. In the presence of another type of inheritance, in spite of a previously (apparently) normal constitution, I inevitably develop in my early forties violent, involuntary movements resembling St. Vitus' Dance; and I start rapidly to dement until I reach a state of mind comparable to idiocy.

We are all inevitably influenced by suggestion, which can be directed for good or evil by propaganda. For instance, not all the Germans who came to believe that it was for the good of the race that Jews should be exterminated like rats could be held fully morally responsible for some of the horrible crimes which arose out of their *psychologically determined* beliefs and dispositions.

The Church itself implicitly recognises the distinction when it differentiates between *material* and *formal* sin; and the distinction is valid, whether we are dealing with venial or mortal sin.

In other words, it is perfectly consistent with orthodox moral theology, and really quite obvious, to say that free will operates under conditions which are influenced by innumerable variables of time, place, belief, bodily and mental health, and many other factors.

Perhaps the only new notion introduced into the situation by

the psychologists of the unconscious was the idea that many of the psychological determinants of our thinking-, feeling-, and behaviour-patterns operate at an unconscious level.

Theoretically at any rate, therefore, the analytical psychotherapist is the friend of the moral theologian; for his object is to liberate his patient from those forces which interfere with informed volition.

It is obvious that any therapeutic technique that directly influences psychic events must also indirectly affect the soul and that there must accordingly be safeguards imposed by moral theology.

For that reason, the present Pope's Allocution to a Congress of Catholic Psychiatrists and Clinical Psychologists held in Easter Week of 1953 was very timely and welcome. The study of this document shows the considerable freedom that can be allowed to reputable, properly trained psychotherapists whilst keeping strictly within the moral law; but the safeguards are indicated.

However, may I repeat that the psychological approach and psychological treatment form only a part of the field covered by clinical psychiatry.

Every doctor knows that diagnosis is the most difficult aspect of the science and art of medicine. This, I think, is particularly true of psychological medicine. Accurate diagnosis must precede any recommendations as to treatment.

It often happens to a Catholic psychotherapist, for example, that a well-meaning priest rings him up to ask him to take on one of his penitents for psychological treatment. We will suppose that the penitent concerned is a young man who has recently developed such violent rages on trivial provocation that he is afraid that he might injure his wife. The priest is often a little hurt when he is told that the patient cannot be seen without the knowledge and approval of his general practitioner, and, further, that the general practitioner might well prefer to have the patient seen by an experienced consultant in psychiatry before psychological treatment is even thought of.

To follow up this typical, if imaginary, case: the patient is seen, let us suppose, by a clinical psychiatrist who has reason to suspect that the patient's rages are not psychologically determined but are evidence of an abnormally excitable brain-cortex. The patient's skull is X-rayed and an electroencephalographic tracing



made; and both investigations fortunately support the psychiatrist's clinical judgment. In other words, these rages are what is called in medical terminology "epileptic equivalents." Certain drugs, whose action is to reduce the excitability of the brain, are prescribed, and the attacks of rage subside. What is perhaps even more important is that the patient is spared months of probably expensive psychotherapy, which would have done him very little good anyhow. In case all of you do not know what electroencephalography is, I should explain that it is a method of recording the (immensely amplified) differences of electrical potential in the brain.

It must always be remembered that medical etiquette (and medical ethics) are intended primarily to protect the patient's interests and not designed just to suit the convenience of the doctor.

It has often been held against psychiatrists that, in trying to arrive at a diagnosis, they will find what they unconsciously set out to discover. In these days of over-specialisation in medicine and surgery, I think that this may to a certain extent be true in all branches. It is perhaps particularly true in the case of psychiatrists, in so far as uncritical adherence to a special school of medical psychology tends to warp the judgment.

Psychoanalytically-trained psychiatrists generally tend to interpret everything in terms of psychogenesis, remaining blind to other causal factors. Moreover, even when psychogenesis is the dominant factor, the total psychological situation is frequently narrowly assessed in terms of Freudian psychopathology.

One is reminded of the following shaggy dog—or should one say shaggy flea?—story: an ear, nose and throat surgeon was at the same time passionately interested in the training of performing fleas and was demonstrating a fine specimen to a colleague. He placed the flea on a long table and said "jump," and the flea jumped. He repeated this procedure several times; and every time the flea put up a splendid performance on the word of command. He then cut off the insect's front legs and said "jump." When the flea failed to respond, he turned to his colleague and said "you see the poor beast can't obey me now because he has gone deaf."

This biased type of diagnosis, which is, of course, bound to determine the type of treatment recommended, should not be

allowed to undermine your confidence in psychiatry; for as a sound corpus of scientifically based empirical psychiatry comes to be formed from the strange mixture of matrices which are at present to hand, the bias of the individual psychiatrist will come to matter less and less.

You can see that I, like most psychiatrists who are aware of the present immaturity of our art and science, are so sensitive to criticism that we try to meet it in advance.

There is another psychiatric problem which is perhaps of special concern for Catholics, namely the question of brain-surgery carried out for psychiatric purposes. I am referring, of course, to pre-frontal leucotomy and modifications of that operation.

I should again like to quote what I wrote about this in 1952, because I think that it sums up the main issues succinctly and accurately: "There are, of course, moral-theological factors to be reckoned with in every surgical procedure, but 'psycho-surgery' (which is the horrible term popularised in the U.S.A.) and certain other surgical operations, such as those which inevitably result in infertility, call for special consideration. In the last analysis, the moral questions are always identical: there is no direct breach of the moral law, if, as the result of a surgical or medical technique carried out with the intention of producing desirable therapeutic results, there are *secondary* undesirable *sequelae*.

"For example, amputation of the penis or castration, carried out as an end in itself constitutes a violation of the moral law. However, malignant disease of the genitalia would justify an operation of this kind, since the inevitable infertility would be a secondary result and not represent the primary intention. In the same way, hysterectomy (removal of the womb) and oophorectomy (removal of the ovaries), are permissible procedures in similar circumstances. If we apply this moral criterion to pre-frontal leucotomy, the same issues emerge clearly. If, in the opinion of the neuro-surgeon and the psychiatrist, it seems unlikely that certain desirable therapeutic ends can be achieved by no procedure other than pre-frontal leucotomy, in spite of the fact that there is a risk of certain objectionable secondary *sequelae*, there is no violation of the moral law.

"Successful pre-frontal leucotomy (whatever surgical technique is used) inevitably results in the patient stepping down one rung

of the ladder of social evolution, for the severing of certain cerebral pathways leads to the impairment of a specifically human quality, namely the capacity for foresight.

"This change in the personality may be very agreeable for the patient concerned, in so far as it may make for a care-free attitude of gay insouciance; but it may indeed be very trying for the patient's family when the pre-psychotic temperament which was characterised by diffidence and kindly consideration for other people's feelings is converted into one of ruthless extraversion.

"Nevertheless, if a surgical operation on the brain can turn a psychotic patient, whose terrifying hallucinations and generally fragmented personality-structure make him almost unmanageable even in a mental-hospital environment, into an outwardly normal individual who can again take his place in the outside world, the procedure is morally justifiable. Or again, if an obsessive-compulsive neurotic, whose symptoms make life intolerable both for himself and his dependents, who has failed to respond to less drastic methods of treatment which have been given a fair trial, becomes relatively normal, even at the cost of a blunting of the finer points of his personality, no moral objection can be raised.

"No human being can assess the degree of moral responsibility in his fellow man, which is the whole point of the distinction drawn by moral theologians between formal and material sin. For instance, no moral theologian would maintain that a mental defective, who committed a moral offence of a kind which his poor intelligence rendered him incapable of understanding in all its fullness, incurred the same degree of guilt as a man in complete possession of all his faculties. In the same way, then, it is certain that in the case of a leucotomised person, in the course of the Divine Economy, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb.

"It would seem, therefore, that a doctor in arriving at a decision as to whether leucotomy is indicated in the case of an individual patient, has to consider *social* rather than moral issues."

I have said nothing about child psychiatry so far. Child psychiatry differs no more and no less from adult psychiatry than paediatrics (children's medicine) does from general medicine.

However, child psychiatry has come to be organised in a special way through the setting up of Child Guidance Clinics, so-called. Child Guidance Clinics can often deal very successfully

with behaviour-disorders and the kinds of emotional maladjustment which result from unwise handling at home or at school. As often as not, treatment boils down to parent guidance or teacher guidance as much as to psychotherapy directed towards the child. Child Guidance Clinics do excellent work, especially if there is a close liaison with a general teaching hospital. It is nevertheless my personal view that every general hospital should have a properly staffed and well-equipped Department of Child Psychiatry, so that all the possible causal factors responsible for emotional or mental disturbance in children could be accurately assessed by an experienced child psychiatrist of consultant status. If that were so, the charge of crankiness and amateurishness which is—often unjustly—levelled against Child Guidance Clinics would be dropped.

Scotland is very fortunate in the matter of Catholic Child Guidance Clinics, thanks to the skill and devotion of the Notre Dame Nuns. England can boast of nothing comparable in this particular field of Catholic action, apart from the Notre Dame Child Guidance Clinic in Liverpool. What is perhaps more serious is that, with the single exception of a very small private mental hospital for women in Sussex, there are no Catholic mental hospitals or in-patient neurosis centres in Great Britain.

I would ask you to think of what that means in human terms: a nun, say, becomes insane and is whisked off to a big County Mental Hospital, where she sees and hears nothing deriving from her Catholic culture-pattern. It is possible even that frequent praying and the use of the Rosary would be regarded as evidence of "religious mania," a popular lay-diagnosis.

Cultural isolation is in itself anti-therapeutic, as is shown conclusively by the high incidence of suicide amongst those who have been separated from or who have failed to put down cultural roots.

I can leave it to your imagination to elaborate the pitiful situations, even tragedies, arising from these and similar circumstances.

The late Father Leycester King, S.J. and I spent over thirty years of fruitless effort trying to interest influential Catholics in their mentally sick brethren. Unfortunately, the dictum, "out of sight, out of mind," is only too true in the case of the imaginary Aunt Clare mentioned earlier in my lecture.

A start might at least be made with the establishment of a residential psychiatric centre for priests and religious. Maybe it will be the Catholics of Scotland who will point the way to their more complacent brethren in England!

## GOD'S CARE-TAKER<sup>1</sup>

By

D. MONDRONE

**D**ON CALABRIA was born in Verona on 8 October 1873, and died there on 4 December 1954. His life was a hidden one, yet it can be considered as an extraordinary adventure. Destined by God to become "a champion of the charity of the Gospel," as the Holy Father expressed it in his telegram of sympathy and blessing to the Poor Servants, and a true father to the poorest of the poor, to lonely and hungry orphans, Don Calabria was subjected by providence to an upbringing which prepared him for his mission. His father was an impoverished shoe-mender, but even this support was soon taken from the family, and after his father died his mother was left to feed three young children as best she could, by taking in washing. Kind-hearted neighbours helped her from time to time. Young Giovanni Calabria knew what it meant to suffer want himself, and he was never from his earliest years lacking in sympathy for the sufferings of others. He gave away everything that he could, even if it was only the smallest coins that others had given him. When he had nothing to give, he tried to comfort others with a word of kindness and affection which often did more good.

From his urge to give to others was born in Giovanni Calabria the longing to give himself, and from this ideal of self-sacrifice was born his vocation to the priesthood. He had taken a job as

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from an article by Fr. D. Mondrone, S.J., in *Civiltà Cattolica: Una Gemma Del Clero Italiano, Don Giovanni Calabria*, and translated by I. G. Capaldi.



shop-boy to a haberdasher in Verona, and one day when he had bungled a simple enough job his irate employer immediately shot him out of the shop, crying "Go and get yourself turned into a priest; you're not fit for anything else!"

"Very well, sir," replied the boy calmly, "then I *will* become a priest!"

But how? Young Giovanni started then and there his lifelong habit of not worrying about ways and means. Poor he might be—but already he was rich in his faith in God's providence. He became a pupil at the State Secondary School in Verona, and immediately asked to be allowed to attend lectures at the Diocesan Seminary. His request was granted, but the extra studies made it impossible for him to look for another job to enable him to help his mother. Nor was this all. Giovanni had the best will in the world to study, but he simply didn't get enough to eat to keep up his strength—usually only a little *polenta* and a crust of barley bread. He was in no condition to do well at his books, and in fact he was almost always near the bottom of his class. Throughout his school and college days and even afterwards, the general impression among his fellow-students was that Giovanni was somewhat lacking in intelligence—though it would probably have been more to the point to say that the poor lad was lacking in nourishment. Had he been less generous he might have had a little more to eat, for there was at that time in Verona a great-hearted priest, Mgr. Serego degli Alighieri, who was in the habit of slipping a few odd lire into his hands from time to time. They always fell like manna from Heaven, but Giovanni's mother had to be constantly on the watch lest some of this generosity should fall into other hands as poor as their own.

It was during these years that Giovanni got into the habit of visiting the sick in local hospitals, the more needy among the poor of Verona, and later on, the inmates of the town gaol. The spirit moving him in this apostolate of charity is clearly seen from an incident that occurred about this time. A certain beggar had taken up a permanent position at a corner of the Corso Cavour. Most people paid no attention to him, but a few threw him a copper or two. The most regular contributor was young Giovanni. A priest who sometimes gave Giovanni a few lire and who had noticed the boy's generosity to the beggar advised him not to throw his money away on a man who dropped into the

local inn every night and got drunk on his daily takings, but Giovanni ignored the advice. After all, it did not come from a superior. One day, some years later when he was a priest himself, visiting a hospital in Verona he met one of the nurses, a nun, who was almost desperate because she had an old man in her ward who refused to see a priest. To all her pleadings that he should make his confession before he died, he replied obstinately, "If this priest of yours was the same one who used to give me alms at the corner of the Corso, I would certainly make my confession to him." "But where," asked the distressed nun of Don Calabria, "am I going to fish for that priest?" But the priest was present, and so the beggar made his confession, and died at peace with his Maker.

On 11 August 1901, after overcoming many difficulties, Giovanni Calabria was ordained priest in his twenty-eighth year by His Eminence Cardinal Bacilieri, Bishop of Verona, and was assigned as second curate to the parish of St. Stephen. Here he not only carried out his duties with scrupulous care, but little by little he took on other work as well. He became a regular visitor in the wards of the Verona hospitals, in the cells of the local gaol and by the bedsides of the poor lying sick at home. He was always on the alert to win souls to God, and in order that he might answer every call made on him he refused every suggestion to take a holiday. All the time behind this activity in the service of others, there was the interior work of his own sanctification. The motive force of all his priestly activities, the *idée fixe*, in fact, which he put into action to the point of folly, was that to make others holy the priest must himself be holy.

It was soon noticed moreover by those who kept a close and intelligent watch over his activities that this poor down-at-heels priest always seemed to be able to keep himself hidden away in the background, although he never seemed to be inactive for a single moment. He could not always succeed in keeping hidden his power over souls. Many were the cases where other priests, better known and more experienced, had tried to break down the apparently impregnable resistance of certain souls and had failed, but where this humble priest by his mere presence had gained a victory for God. He became known as the "priest of desperate cases," or as others put it, "a hard nut for the devil to crack." "Souls," he used to exclaim, "cost blood." Those who

were his closest friends knew well the story of suffering and persecution that lay hidden beneath these words of Giovanni Calabria.

The people of Verona began to take notice of Don Calabria when his charity shone out in another direction, in a work that he could not keep hidden for long. To visit the poor in their hovels, the sick in hospitals or garrets and the imprisoned in their cells was all very well, but what about those poor lonely children that one met in the streets of Verona, without parents, without a roof over their heads? They were surely members of Christ's body who suffered, and they could not be left in their state of abandonment. They needed much more than a kind word or a plate of hot soup, much more even than a few coppers with which to keep hunger at bay for twenty-four hours. While he was still second curate at St. Stephen's Don Calabria felt himself compelled to snatch two of these orphans from the streets and take them home with him to his mother's house in Fontanelle Lane. He did not foresee that these two waifs were destined to be the first stone in a mighty building. Yet some time later when he became Parish Priest of St. Benedict's al Monte, he found himself kneeling on 26 November 1907 at the feet of a statue of Our Lady with not two, but five small boys around him. It was the birthday of his "work," or as he always called it, the Work of God.

Among the first who offered to help him in this new apostolate for destitute children were four priests, Frs. Fabbro, Bonometti, Diodato and Scapini—and his own mother. She came to his assistance at once, and as long as the orphans were only a handful she was a mother to them. But as numbers grew Don Calabria had to make other arrangements, so that he could attend properly to their needs. He had to resign himself to moving from place to place, until finally in the late autumn of 1908 he settled with his orphans in a quarter of Verona known as San Zeno in Monte. He was able to do so, however, only after he had managed to find better accommodation for no fewer than forty families who had been living in San Zeno in wretched hovels.

"The works of God," Don Calabria used to say, "cost a great deal!" He might well have been dictating the title for one of the chapters, perhaps the most densely packed chapter, in the story of his own life. He used to count it among his greatest blessings



that for over forty years he had as his spiritual director the Carmelite Fr. Natale de Gesù, and indeed he was fortunate in this, for Fr. Natale's direction was clear-sighted, firm sometimes to the point of roughness, and fatherly.

"Father," Don Calabria would say to him, "I need hundreds of thousands of lire at once! I need them to meet urgent expenses, and to pay off creditors who are dunning me."

"Well, what of it?" would be the answer. "Is the house yours? Is the work yours?"

"No, of course not. It is God's."

"Very well then, go ahead!"

And no sooner had Don Calabria obeyed the order to carry on and go ahead than invariably help would come pouring in.

This spiritually far-sighted priest saw a sign of divine approval on his work in the very opposition, sometimes amounting even to persecution, which it aroused. One day the Socialist newspaper *Verona del Popolo* published an article full of malicious insinuations against him. His friends at once insisted that it was his duty to lodge a complaint against the writer of the slanderous article. The future reputation of his work demanded it.

"A complaint?" stammered the priest, as if frightened. "A complaint, did you say? But it is my duty to think of the soul of the poor wretch! If I lodge a complaint against him, what will it lead to?"

With that he went straight to the office of the *Verona del Popolo's* editor.

"Are you the writer of this article?"

"Yes, I am. And you, I suppose, are Don Calabria?"

"Yes, that's right."

The editor started to mutter some excuses, but Don Calabria interrupted him.

"That's all right," he said. "Some of my friends are insisting that I should lodge a complaint against you, but I don't think there is really any reason to do so. I feel more like thanking you! You see, up to the moment that your article appeared I was just a little bit uncertain whether this work of mine was really God's. But now I am no longer uncertain, for your article has swept all doubt from my mind. Tomorrow I will say Mass for you."

The editor was completely taken aback by this reasoning, and Don Calabria had made another friend.

The work of the *Buoni Fanciulli* (Good Children) at San Zeno in Monte thrust its roots deep down and began to spread. There was nothing grandiose or striking in Don Calabria's plans for the work. Had it been possible for him to make it invisible he would have been happy. But he could not go against the will of God, and so as the little family grew from day to day he had to take in hand its proper organisation and expansion. This called for unlimited supplies of money, but it was for the glory of God and the good of souls, and he feared nothing. As his family grew ever bigger Don Calabria saw more and more clearly that he could not attend to everything himself. One or two priests gave him a hand from time to time, but sporadic help of this kind could not meet the ever-increasing demands. The schools, the workshops and the hospitals which he was to establish would need to be permanently staffed, and by men capable of making the spirit of Don Calabria their own. A Congregation *sui generis*, composed of priests and laity, was the answer to this problem. He called them the Poor Servants of Divine Providence. Laymen, whatever their social or intellectual position, were admitted on the condition that they would collaborate on a basis of complete equality with the priest members, even in the humblest chores.

This Congregation, which was approved in 1932 by Mgr. Cardinale, Bishop of Verona, and by the Holy Father himself in 1947, already numbered some hundred and fifty priests and laymen, attached to about twenty houses in the Provinces of Verona, Vicenza, Ferrara, Milan, Rome, and elsewhere in Italy. Aspirants or students are housed and fed free of charge and given an elementary education, after which they are at liberty to enter any seminary or religious missionary institute they please. Besides these students, over 2,500 poor children are looked after and prepared for life in the various houses of the Congregation, while the number of those who have already swarmed from these hives of providence runs into many thousands more. Yet it was never Don Calabria's wish that this family of his should grow too large. "Quantity," he used to say, "has no attractions for me, but quality has! The few will produce the many. A lay-brother or a priest animated by the genuine spirit of our Congregation will make up for a hundred and more. In fact, if there is anything I fear, it is this: that quantity may bring with it the inconveniences that usually arise when you have large numbers, but no holiness."

Don Calabria gave to his Congregation as its primary end the sanctification of its members. In order to achieve this the members must strive to live the Gospel, and at the same time attend to the education and sanctification of poor and unwanted children. His principles completely ignore all the prudent safeguards and calculations with which human societies usually hedge themselves round. But Don Calabria was so accustomed to looking at human affairs from the loftiest peaks of the supernatural that when, during the last war, a bomb reduced his printing works to rubble, he said simply and unexpectedly, "All this is infinitely less than the damage produced by a single venial sin!"

Because he had no desire to encourage the undue growth of his little family, Don Calabria loathed every form of publicity. "The congregation will be great," he would say, "if it is little. It will be rich if it is poor. It will enjoy the favour of God if it does not seek to win the favour of men." Journalists, therefore, who climbed the slopes of San Zeno in Monte in search of interviews always found themselves face to face with an iron curtain. Once when a newspaper printed an article full of praise and admiration for him and his work he actually felt that the family had been disgraced! This may sound exaggerated, but we must not forget that Don Calabria knew what he was about in his work, which was the Work of God. And he never wearied of repeating, especially when he was among his own little family: "A little hole and a little den!" Just big enough, that little hole, just wide enough, that narrow den, for him to hide himself from the world.

As soon as the work of the *Buoni Fanciulli* came into existence Don Calabria gave it its Magna Carta in the form of a brief programme that he traced out for it.

"The youngsters," it ran, "shall be kept entirely *gratis et amore Dei*. There shall be no advertising to make the work known. It shall not ask for subsidies. Everything must come to it from Divine Providence by means of spontaneous offerings from persons who will make themselves worthy of such a privilege. No public acknowledgment shall be made to any benefactor, even at the cost of having to turn down courteously his offering. The Gospel shall be lived to the point of heroism. It is not intended by this, however, to condemn those who rule themselves differently . . . the Spirit of God is not standardised. It is infinitely varied in its works for the good of His creatures."

All his administrative wisdom was contained in these few principles: "Be not solicitous for your life." "Behold the birds of the air." "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." These words, he tells us himself, had always made a deep impression on him. They were Christ's own words, as much His as the words of consecration at Mass. "Either you believe them," Don Calabria would repeat almost with stubbornness, "or you don't believe them. Let there be, then, no anxiety, no thought for the things of the world, no distress. These earthly things will certainly come to us provided that we seek God first, and our own sanctification, provided that we go in search of souls, especially the most forsaken, the most abandoned, the most unfortunate among them."

Nor did he fail to put this insistent teaching of his to the practical test. Instances of this are so numerous in his life that one naturally thinks of St. Gaetan Thiene, of Cottolengo, of Don Orione. Others might be filled with anxiety because of the complete lack of means to carry on works of great responsibility. He on the other hand became deeply anxious whenever he was offered the means to ensure for his work a certain measure of security for the future. When, for instance, he was asked to open a house in Primavalle, a generous Roman benefactor who was interested in the proposition and was anxious to see it carried out as quickly as possible, offered him a cheque for a million lire. Humbly and gently Don Calabria immediately refused to accept it. "Thank you," he said, "but there is no need for it. If God wants this work to be done, it will be done. But I beg you to take back this cheque."

He refused consistently to accept the favour and protection of men of importance and influence even when these were freely offered. Once he had laid down his principles of action he went straight ahead with a logic that was clear-cut and inflexible, even though it was sometimes bewildering. He refused any donation however generous which required as a condition a public acknowledgment in the press or a commemorative plaque set in some odd corner of the house. Anyone who wished to give to the work must do so in the way taught by the Gospel: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth." A small notice in the *Gazzettino* of Verona on 8 December 1954, gives a practical application of this principle. The notice was inspired by a donation to the *Buoni Fanciulli* from the Civil Prefect of Verona.

"While they wish to thank the Prefect for his generosity," it read, "the Poor Servants of Divine Providence are anxious to make it quite clear that his gesture must not be regarded as the launching of a fund for the Work. This would be against the spirit of the Work itself, as well as against the constant practice of our venerated Don Calabria." It was as if the little world of Don Calabria had turned all the precautions of human prudence upside down!

"My model," he wrote in his diary, "is Jesus. Jesus, blessed forever, is my exemplar. Jesus who is poor, Jesus who leads a hidden life for thirty years. So must I be, poor, and always out of sight." He remained faithful to this programme of self-effacement, so that few founders of religious congregations have travelled as little as he. Except for one or two visits to Turin, Milan, Venice and Rome, he rarely went out, and when he did it was almost always in and around his beloved Verona. For the most part, however, he kept himself shut up in his "little hole and his little den" on the slopes of San Zeno in Monte. He was not, therefore, the kind of man who is always at the service of visitors or of the curious. It was always, especially during the last years of his life, a most difficult problem for the outsider to speak even for a few minutes with Don Calabria. This was due in great measure to his constant suffering, but also to his determination not to be the centre of any publicity, or still less, of fanatical enthusiasm. When the visitor was a man of some importance this self-effacement caused considerable embarrassment to the household.

Sometimes, however, he felt himself inspired despite his great sufferings to receive visitors. Those who were fortunate enough to be allowed to speak to him, to tell him their troubles, to listen to his words of advice, never failed to come down from San Zeno with a lighter step, and with the memory of their visit with Don Calabria impressed indelibly on their minds. To hearts in turmoil he gave back peace and tranquillity simply by means of his blessing over the telephone. Who can ever tell how many souls Don Calabria reached in this manner from his little room in San Zeno?

Most of Don Calabria's time, however, when he was not out visiting the sick, was spent in prayer, in the direction and formation of his Community, and in attending to his numerous and



assiduous correspondents, among whom, incidentally, was C. S. Lewis. Letter-writing was for him a duty in his apostolate. But his main concern was for the members of his own religious family, the Poor Servants of Divine Providence, and he was not so much their Superior as a father of incomparable tenderness. Even when he had to rebuke someone he never failed to let the person see, a little later, that he loved him as much as ever. The mere thought that perhaps his rebuke might be rankling in the heart of anyone whom he had had to correct caused him so much pain that he would go out at once to find him wherever he might be. Nor did he ever allow any of the Community to set out on a journey without his blessing. Once in fact when a certain priest of his Congregation left Verona without having first obtained his blessing, Don Calabria made him turn back from Milan. Knowing so well the perfection to which they were called as members of his Congregation he did not fail to put them to the test, but he did so with such an enlightened and paternal firmness that each one imagined that he was the apple of Don Calabria's eye.

Anyone who has read his *Apostolica vivendi forma*, his *Amare*, his *Perchè non scenda la notte sul mondo* ("That night may not descend on the world"), his *Instaurare omnia in Christo*, and many other occasional publications of one kind or another—pamphlets, leaflets, postcards—all of them bearing his message of an Apostle of Christ, will realise that from Don Calabria has come a message that is utterly realistic, sincere, and whole-heartedly evangelical. Some of the pages which he wrote or inspired have been described as harsh and crude, because of the persuasive and even drastic firmness with which he appeals to priests, to religious, and to souls consecrated to God to return to what is essential in life, but no one can doubt their passionate sincerity.

The responsibility in particular of the Catholic priest towards the needs of modern society seems to be almost an obsession with Don Calabria. Typical of this message is the contents of his pamphlet *La Parola del Padre* ("The Father Speaks") which may be said to be his spiritual testament:

To what a pass has humanity been reduced despite all its science, despite all its progress, despite all its leaders with their vast visions of material well-being! It has suffered complete bankruptcy. Why? Because it has withdrawn itself from God and His Christ, because it has placed all its trust in itself alone, and perhaps also (or maybe

there is no perhaps about it) because it has not found in many of us, religious and priests, the light that it had need of, because it has not found among us those learned and holy men whose duty it would have been to set it on its feet in the paths of righteousness with the holiness and good example of their own lives. I often think that if a heathen, a Buddhist perhaps, or even a Muslim were to come among us with the intention of finding out how much we know and love and imitate Christ Our Lord he would be scandalised, he would be forced to exclaim: "Why, I am much better off with my own beliefs and practices!" What a responsibility would be ours! And yet we must admit it: there is too striking a contrast between what the Gospel teaches and what we do. We must remove this contrast.

The spiritual teaching of Don Calabria is absolutely simple, but solid and straight to the point. Its principles are few, but its applications many. If you open his diary you will find nothing in it but what is the last word in simplicity. Yet in this simplicity is a strength that allows you to catch a glimpse of his greatness of heart. For instance, on 27 September 1927, he wrote:

This morning I was able through a very great grace and the mercy of our Blessed Lord to shed tears over all my sins, and to detest them all by means of my confession to the Very Rev. Fr. Natale who is my ordinary confessor. I came away from confession with this resolution: *Jesus, I am going to be a saint or die.*

He kept his resolution with heroic fidelity, and never failed to renew it under the inspiration of grace, particularly when he felt more than ever the weight of his fallen nature. Don Calabria was, in fact, forever starting afresh, even when he was already an old man. "*Et dixi, nunc coepi!*" he used to say to himself. "It is high time you were starting, but do be serious about it this time!"

It is not surprising that God granted him the grace of an interior life of the highest order, together with extraordinary gifts. Don Calabria allowed none of this spiritual wealth to be seen by others as far as it was in his power to keep it hidden, but he was never blind to his duty of helping to sanctify others, particularly the members of his Congregation. "A great duty," he would say to them, "rests upon our shoulders: the duty of sanctifying ourselves. Now don't run away with the idea that to become saints we must do extraordinary things. No, all that is necessary is that the dispositions with which we carry out our

daily duties shall be holy and perfect. Let us remind ourselves that no matter how lowly may be the position that a man holds in life, he can render it beautiful with the light of his holiness. This, and this alone, is what matters."

He exhorted his subjects to abandon themselves without reserve to the will and action of God. "Look, do you see this?" he would say to some aspirant, holding out a handkerchief in his hand, and then crushing it up into a ball. "Like this, see? Just like a rag! Are you ready? If you aren't, you had better go away!"

The picture that Don Calabria thus strove to paint for his subjects of the surrender to God's will was, however, but a pallid reflection of the living picture that they could see with their own eyes in him. For he had so given himself to God, and God had so accepted him, that there was nothing left for him to give. God had made use of him, was in fact making use of him even while they looked on him, as a man makes use of an instrument that has no will of its own. "Thy will, not mine, be done!" God had also subjected him, was subjecting him, to a life-long martyrdom of incessant suffering, making him feel something of the crushing weight of Calvary. No one ever knew precisely the number and the nature of the infirmities that filled the days and nights of Don Calabria with suffering. Yet few of his sons could be ignorant of the fact that the source of his greatest suffering was that he was continually under the crucifying action of God, who had chosen him to be a victim of expiation for the sins of his fellow-men.

We know for certain that it was God's will that during the last stages of his life he should undergo one of the most terrifying trials that the human soul can suffer. The night of the spirit descended upon him. He was brought face to face with the apparent ruin of his whole life, face to face with the responsibility that was his alone for having wrecked the Work of God and thus bringing it about that God should now abandon him to his own devices. Like Christ in the Garden of Olives he could no longer bear to be alone, even for a single moment. Under the crushing burden of this temptation he groaned like a man in mortal agony, who can endure no more. He went about beseeching everyone to help him, yet asking them to pray for him in order that "I may understand the precious gift of suffering." His letters also, which gradually grew fewer and fewer, carried the echo of his sorrows to his correspondents and allowed them to see how God



was, as it were, hastening patiently to finish this masterpiece of His grace. His favourite ejaculations during these last dreadful days of his life were "*Christo confixus sum cruci*—I accept this crucifixion with Christ. I offer this crucifixion with Christ for my poor soul, for the Work, for the Church, for the world . . . *Maria, mater gratiae, mater misericordiae!*"

Finally, at one o'clock on the morning of 4 December 1954, Don Calabria passed from this world. The news of his death had no sooner been broadcast through the length and breadth of Italy than hundreds of telegrams of sympathy and condolence were being delivered at San Zeno in Monte. They came from every class of person and from every part of the country, from the Holy Father, from Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, and from the humblest and remotest of Don Calabria's grateful clients.

"I want my funeral," Don Calabria had told his sons, "to be carried out in the simplest possible way. I desire also that after the Requiem Mass my body shall be taken to the cemetery outside *Porta Vescovo* by the shortest possible route." But even if his sons had thought it their duty to carry out these last wishes of Don Calabria, the loving violence of the religious and civil authorities of Verona would have rendered them helpless. For Verona took part, not in a funeral, but in a triumph, the triumph of faith, of the humility and charity that had burned in the heart of a holy priest.

# RUDOLF BULTMANN

By

JEAN DANIÉLOU

**R**UDOLF BULTMANN'S WRITINGS are probably the most remarkable, certainly the most discussed work produced by German Protestantism since Karl Barth's. Like a theological meeting of the waters, the principal trends of contemporary religious thought converge and unite in it. As an exegete Bultmann, with Dibelius, K.-L. Schmidt and Cullmann, is one of the most notable representatives of the Form-criticism school. As a philosopher, he belongs to the stream of Christian existentialism; his thought invites comparison with that of Tillich, Gabriel Marcel, Guardini and, on the Jewish side, Buber. As an historian of religion, his interest is in myth, a question which is at the heart of modern research.

Each of these aspects would repay study. One recalls Karl Jaspers's sharp criticism of Bultmann's philosophy, that he takes his philosophical bearings exclusively from Heidegger—and has failed to understand him.<sup>1</sup> This criticism deserves further scrutiny.

In the sphere of the history of religions, Bultmann's characteristic contentions seem particularly weak. This applies to the factual basis of his views, where his information is largely out of date, particularly in regard to the influence of Gnosticism (which he fancies he detects in St. John)<sup>2</sup> and the absence of any allusion to the Qûmran discoveries. But it is equally applicable on the plane of interpretation, where the idea of myth, so important in Bultmann's thought, has been insufficiently analysed by him. It remains true, however, that Bultmann is above all an exegete; and the translation of his *Theology of the New Testament*<sup>3</sup> is, consequently, particularly valuable.

<sup>1</sup> See "Mythe et Nouveau-Testament," *Études théologiques et religieuses*, Montpellier, 1954, pp. 29-30.

<sup>2</sup> Bultmann's reply ("Gnosis," *J.T.S.*, April 1952, pp. 10-27) to the criticisms of J. Dupont (*Gnosis*, pp. 357-365) is not convincing.

<sup>3</sup> *Theology of the New Testament*, S.C.M. Press, 1955.

One cannot help feeling a certain sympathy with regard to Bultmann. How could it be otherwise? His is an eminently sympathetic personality. He unites in himself apparently contradictory traits; and these traits give exact expression to the diverse tendencies of the mind and spirit of our generation. His criticism, acknowledging no bounds, respects contemporary rationalism; and yet faith for him is nothing if not a heroic decision, a decision taken in spite of all the apparent evidence to the contrary, a sort of Kierkegaardian irrationalism. He passes on the world a sentence of condemnation (in the Pauline sense) that allows no appeal. And yet this pessimist is at the same time a humanist reared on the Greek tragedians<sup>1</sup> and the German romantics. Moreover, far from attempting to reconcile these conflicting elements, he actually stresses their contrariety. It is, indeed, precisely in the paradox of their contradiction that Bultmann considers the Christian situation to lie. And this, perhaps, is the secret of his intellectual sorcery, for it enables him to satisfy irreconcilable requirements and at the same time to make of this very contradiction the criterion of authenticity.

More particularly, Bultmann's strictly exegetical enterprise gives the appearance of satisfying the most urgent requirements of the day. It is based on a rigorously scientific method. Indeed, if Bultmann's value as a historian appears to us very questionable, as a philologist he is certainly outstanding—though one should perhaps add, in Greek more than in Hebrew.<sup>2</sup> His exegesis is based on the rigorous literary method exemplified by Kittel's *Theologisches Wörterbuch*; he is, incidentally, one of Kittel's chief collaborators. It needs, perhaps, to be said that Bultmann's method is at the opposite pole to that type of exegesis which, because it follows in the wake of an antiquated modernism, fancies itself modern, while it does no more than recreate the archaeological milieu of the Bible.<sup>3</sup> For Bultmann, a follower of Karl Barth in this, the aim of exegesis is to disengage the meaning of the Word of God as it is addressed to us and challenges our existence in the actual here and now;<sup>4</sup> exegesis thus supposes the

<sup>1</sup> *Essays Philosophical and Theological*, S.C.M. Press, 1955, pp. 22-36.

<sup>2</sup> It is only fair to emphasise the debt to Bultmann, in this respect, of Catholic exegetes of St. John, particularly Donatien Mollat.

<sup>3</sup> See Louis Bouyer's pertinent criticism of this exegesis: "Où en est le mouvement biblique?" *Bible et vie chrétienne*, XIII (1956), pp. 11-12.

<sup>4</sup> See Marlé, *Bultmann et l'interprétation du Nouveau Testament*, pp. 32-39.

existential situation of faith, whose presuppositions it determines by the existential analysis.

Another point in which Bultmann's courage compels our admiration is his honest recognition of the fact that any exegesis implies some philosophical presupposition<sup>1</sup>. This position runs counter to that type of biblical scholarship which sees in every use of philosophy a distortion, and cherishes the ideal of attaining the "pure" Bible. This was the position of a number of Protestants, and some contemporary Catholics have taken it up. But in fact, whether one wants to or not, one cannot help philosophising, and the pretence of doing without philosophy can only result in one's philosophising badly. Catholic exegetes often advanced the claim, but their commentaries revealed obvious apologetic preoccupations even while they professed to keep strictly to the letter of the text. Nothing is more discreditable than such bogus philosophy. M. Tresmontant, while ostensibly "returning to Hebrew thought," succeeds only in interpreting the Bible in terms of Teilhard de Chardin. There is no question, then, of dispensing with philosophy, but only of knowing whether the philosophy one uses is valid. Bultmann has the great merit of recognising that he interprets the Bible in terms of Heidegger. Whether such an endeavour is well-advised is another question.

We must, again, recognise that Bultmann's enterprise is a thoroughly rounded whole. This makes it all the more deplorable that it turns out a total loss. It is not only our knowledge of the historical events of the life of Christ that is diminished almost to vanishing-point, but, yet worse, so are the essential affirmations of the apostolic preaching: the Trinity, the pre-existence of the Word, the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the descent of the Holy Spirit, the Church, the sacraments—all are regarded as mythic representations devoid of objective value. The whole Rule of Faith is thus eliminated by a stroke of the pen.<sup>1</sup>

But how, it may be asked, does Bultmann, starting with a method so apparently valid, arrive in the end at such false conclusions? The conclusions, in our view, have no logical connection with the method. Exegetes whose principles are similar in many respects to Bultmann's (for instance Cullmann or K.-L. Schmidt)

<sup>1</sup> Louis Bouyer's severe criticism, *loc. cit.*, pp. 117-118, is fully justified.

have reached quite different results. What really compromises Bultmann's exegesis, apart from the strictly scientific deficiencies pointed out towards the beginning of this note, is a number of presuppositions which we may reduce to two: the acceptance of a narrowly "scientific" conception of the universe, and the absence of a theology of history.

The first of these presuppositions is relevant to one of the main problems of the contemporary Church. It is obvious that revelation is expressed in Scripture in the framework of cosmological conceptions which are today antiquated. It is, indeed, precisely one of the tasks of exegesis to disengage the great works of God in history, as the Bible reports them to us, from a mode of expression due to the human mentality of the sacred authors. But Bultmann goes a good deal further. He accepts the axioms of modern positivist thought according to which all realities of this world are explained by the determinism of natural laws. Any idea of divine intervention modifying these laws, in other words any miracle, seems to him to spring from the mythical level of thinking. Or rather, this is his very definition of myth.

This is one of the propositions of Bultmann which have provoked the most lively criticism. It is based, as Jaspers has justly remarked, on a confusion between science properly so called, which is concerned not with the causes of phenomena but with their relations, and a positivistic philosophy which is as questionable as it is antiquated. It implies, moreover, an equally serious confusion between the conception of a God who intervenes in terrestrial affairs—a conception which is of the very essence of the biblical revelation—and that of a mythology which subjects all the realities of this world to man's arbitrary explanations. But what is yet more surprising is the fact that Bultmann himself sees in the positivist spirit an attitude radically opposed to the attitude of faith.<sup>1</sup> It is, in fact, one form of that self-sufficiency of the human spirit which for Bultmann constitutes the essence of sin. After that, it is a mystery how Bultmann can at one and the same time accept *scientisme* and yet see in faith precisely the exorcising of *scientisme*. In none of his commentators have I found any explanation of this fundamental contradiction.

<sup>1</sup> *Essays Philosophical and Theological*, pp. 16-22.

The second difficulty affects Bultmann's conception of historicity (*Geschichtlichkeit*), a conception which leads, in effect, to his jettisoning of the whole history of the Redemption. Here the best criticism appears to me to be that of Oscar Cullmann.<sup>1</sup> Bultmann, indeed, insists strongly on the fact that Christianity envisages man as a historical being: a being, that is, related to and involved in events, not a cosmic being who happens to be an inhabitant of the realm of nature. It is, however, not easy to see what Bultmann means by event. He is clearly not thinking in terms of the historical circumstances with which the science of the historian concerns itself. But neither is it a divine action modifying the nature of beings. Bultmann's event is purely and simply revelation. It is nothing else than the Word. It is by the acceptance of this Word, challenging his pretensions to self-sufficiency, that man attains authentic existence.

The Word is thus not the revelation of the redeeming event. It is the redeeming event. And faith is not the way to redeemed existence; it is redeemed existence. The Word, again, is simply the conviction of sin and the proclamation of pardon. And faith is the confession of sin and the attaining of authenticity. But, in that case, can we any longer properly speak of "an event" at all? Or rather, is there any event other than the encounter of faith and the Word, an encounter whose only tenuous link with history is the fact that the Word is expressed in Jesus and that faith is realised in the moment of time? But then is this anything more than a religious philosophy, an existentialist analysis of man from which the specifically Christian element of the transformation of human nature by the re-creative action of the Incarnate Word has been totally removed?

In the end, then, Bultmann rejects the history of the Redemption in its totality. His enterprise really consists, not in "disengaging the history of salvation from the mythical representations which are its ephemeral vehicle," but in disengaging "the essential Christian message" from a history of Redemption treated unreservedly as myth. As Cullmann has well put it: "The historical element, characteristic of the faith of the first Christians, is not essential for Bultmann; it is no more than the 'mythical' expression of a non-historical and non-temporal truth, which is

<sup>1</sup> "Le mythe dans les Écrits du Nouveau-Testament," *Numen*, May 1954, pp. 120-135.



its real substance."<sup>1</sup> Yet this history of the Redemption is the essence of the specifically Christian Faith, which has for its object, not simply to teach us that God exists, but that He has approached man to establish with him a vital communion. When this is rejected, it is Christianity as a Faith that is rejected, and what remains is only a philosophy.

This does not prevent Bultmann's work from having some valuable parts. But it is important to identify them accurately. The valuable elements seem to us to be two. In the field of New Testament philology Bultmann is a master. His *Theology of the New Testament* contains some remarkable analyses, for instance, those of the concepts of faith, of gnosis, of joy and anxiety.<sup>2</sup> In these pages philology becomes a true science of meaning and links hands with phenomenology. Secondly, Bultmann is a Christian existentialist of real distinction. On this point we should be a good deal less severe than Jaspers. But his hermeneutics, in the proper sense of the word, are wholly unacceptable. While we gladly salute in him a great philologist and a notable philosopher, we refuse to see in him an authentic exegete of the New Testament.

## ST. JOAN OF ARC

### *The Trial of Rehabilitation, 1452-1456*

By

ETIENNE ROBO

IN 1431 THE ENGLISH, having bought Joan of Arc from Jean de Luxembourg, took her to their fortress prison of Rouen. It happened in those days that they had in their service a French bishop, Cauchon, who since 1423 had been the chancellor of the Queen of England and a member of the Royal Council. His nephew was a secretary of Henry VI. Both drew handsome salaries, that of Cauchon being 1,000 *livres tournois*. It is not

<sup>1</sup> *Loc. cit.*, p. 125.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 128 f., 131, 83.

irrelevant to mention here that his diocesans had turned him out of Beauvais, his episcopal town, because of his disloyalty to the French king. The English could have drowned or burnt their prisoner without trial; they had done so before in similar circumstances. It occurred to them—and a shrewd move it was—that it would be more impressive to have her condemned as a witch and a heretic by a tribunal of Frenchmen. In so doing they would discredit, not only Joan of Arc, but the King of France and his clergy. In accordance with this plan, their friend, Cauchon, was entrusted with the task of choosing the members of his tribunal and of directing the proceedings. Most—but not all—these judges had, like the bishop, rallied to the Burgundian or English cause, and all were well recompensed for their part in the trial. We even know the amounts they received. It was Beaufort, "the Cardinal of England," who had collected the funds for this purpose and distributed them. Let us add that although it was an ecclesiastical court it sat in the fortress under the close and impatient supervision of the Duke of Bedford.

It was, in fact, a political trial. Churchmen as they were, they could not be impartial, and this, not principally because of external pressure from their English masters, but for deeper reasons that concerned their conscience and self-respect. Suppose that they arrived at the conclusion that the visions of Joan were genuine, that she was acting under divine inspiration, that her victories were God's work, it followed necessarily as day follows night that they, her judges, were opposing God's will, that Charles VII was their lawful king, and that every Frenchman who sided with England was a traitor. On the other hand, if Joan should be found guilty of witchcraft and heresy, the French king, and not only the king but the French clergy as well, stood convicted with her. The king would have shared in her guilt since he was making use of a declared witch, a heretic, a schismatic, a sorcerer or blasphemer, "a limb of satan," in order to prop up his tottering throne. The clergy bore a heavier responsibility still since they had been in agreement with the examiners of the Maid at Poitiers. These eminent theologians had found nothing but good in her, and they had advised Charles to make use of her. They had even gone so far as to proclaim that to do otherwise would be "resisting the Holy Spirit." Like the king, they also would have stood condemned with Joan if she were found guilty.

For these reasons it is clear that the king of France had an overwhelming interest in the revision of the trial and the annulment of a verdict that had been aimed at him no less than at the Maid of Orleans. History can blame him for not making a protest against her condemnation, but in 1431, in spite of his victories two years earlier, he was only "the kinglet of Bourges" and England was still strong. Long years of misfortune had made him timid, vacillating, unsure of himself and of the future. In the slow twenty years that followed his wisdom—for though he was never a great king, he became a very wise one—made him choose prudent counsellors and adopt and follow their advice. Eighteen years after Joan's death, he had re-organised his finances, thanks to Jacques Coeur, and also his armies under the command of his Connétable, Arthur de Richemont. His artillery, under the supervision of Jean Bureau, was the best in Europe. His diplomacy, long-sighted and patient, already prepared for a distant future the annexation of Roussillon and Lorraine.

This was the time when, in his new-found strength, he was reconquering his kingdom town by town, Rouen in November 1449, then Paris, then Normandy with Bayeux, Caen, Avranches, Cherbourg. This was also the time when he fully realised that he had failed miserably, not in gratitude alone, but in political foresight as well, in letting a tribunal of collaborators have their own way, without protesting against their misuse of ecclesiastical judicial powers for political ends. Futile it might have been then, but it would have stood on record for all time. In 1450 at the head of victorious armies, he felt at last that his wishes and his requests could command attention, and besides, he found himself legally in a better position than in 1431. When he entered Rouen in 1449 the original minutes of the trial were found there. Better still, some important witnesses who had taken part in the trial, either as judges or notaries, were still residing in that town. In the formerly occupied territory now recovered, witnesses were still available and would come forward and testify without any fear of foreign interference or intimidation.

A few weeks after his entry into Rouen, the King issued a Declaration empowering his counsellor, Guillaume Bouillé, to enquire into the conduct of the trial of Joan of Arc. As rector of the University of Paris and as one who, prior to 1450, had issued a memorial throwing doubts upon the validity of this trial

he was specially qualified for his task. Seven witnesses were heard, namely, Ladvenu, who had visited Joan in her prison, heard her last confession and given her Communion a few hours before her death, and Toutmouillé, who had accompanied Ladvenu. Both had been entrusted with the difficult mission of announcing to Joan that she was going to be burned alive that very morning. They were compassionate and kindly souls and did their best to soften the cruel blow. Also Ysambart, who had been a judge, but who stood by the burning stake with Ladvenu and tried to comfort Joan during those last terrible moments; Duval, who had attended at least one session of the tribunal; the formidable Beaupère, one of Joan's chief examiners. This judge, cold and cautious, could have revealed much but said very little, and carefully avoided compromising himself. He had neither felt nor shown any liking for Joan of Arc during the trial, and after a lapse of nineteen years his opinions had undergone no change. Let us add to these names that of Manchon, the notary, and that of Massieu, the usher.

This preliminary enquiry bore witness to the intentions of the king, but since the Royal Courts were not competent to examine and annul the findings of ecclesiastical ones, nothing more could be done until Rome had allowed the case to be reopened. The great Schism had weakened the Papacy, and the Pope, Nicholas V, apart from a natural hesitation to question the findings of a Tribunal that had had the sanction of the Inquisition and of the University of Paris, was also afraid of rousing the antagonism of England, which was then a Catholic country. It was only two years later, in 1452, that at last the Pope appointed a French bishop, Cardinal Guillaume d'Estouteville, to take charge of the Enquiry. In order to spare the susceptibilities of England, it was arranged that the mother of Joan of Arc and not the King of France should appear as plaintiff, so that the case, becoming a private one, could be proceeded upon. Even then, the appeal of Isabelle d'Arc, when sent to Rome, remained unheeded for three years. Grave events in the East, and the fall of Constantinople in 1453, occupied all the attention of the Holy See, and it was only in 1455, when a new pope, Callixtus III, had been elected, that a favourable answer was at last given to her request.

The case for the Rehabilitation of Joan of Arc was solemnly reopened on 7 November, 1455, in the cathedral of Notre-Dame

de Paris. That morning crowds had poured in and filled the vast nave and the four dim aisles of the huge building to the last available corner. Most of these men and women remembered the dark years of occupation. Some of them had surely seen Joan herself under the walls of Paris close by the gate of St. Honoré, fighting there with a handful of men, a brave and futile attempt to capture the town by storm. They had seen her wounded and carried away by her soldiers, and today, at this hour, they were at last tasting to the full the joy of being French again. They had come to witness the vindication of the greatest of the daughters of France, and to join with her mother in claiming for her the pure glory that had been obscured and denied at Rouen.

In the sanctuary the delegates of the Holy See, surrounded by a concourse of clergy, were waiting. Among them were the Bishop of Paris, the Archbishop of Reims, and the Inquisitor, Jean Brehal, who had long been the moving spirit in the case for the Rehabilitation. At last a confused yet loud commotion among the crowd near the entrance announced the arrival of the principal actor in the drama, the mother of Joan of Arc. In deep mourning, leaning on the arm of her son, Pierre—that same brother of Joan who had been taken prisoner with her at Compiègne—escorted by friends and supporters, she walked up the aisle slowly. At last, kneeling before the papal envoys, sobbing and weeping, she asked them for the redress of the great wrong that had been done her daughter. Deeply moved, the whole multitude of spectators joined in and vociferously demanded justice, until their deafening clamour obliged the papal representatives to retire to the sacristy with Isabelle for further interrogation.

Earlier in the year some former witnesses of the first Inquiry and some new ones as well had been called for further evidence. They were to be questioned again in 1455 and 1456. The notaries of the trial and some judges who had been favourable to the prisoner deposed at some length. Beaupère, who had been hostile, had disappeared, so had the Inquisitor. The other judges had a remarkably defective memory. One of them, the Bishop of Noyon, had forgotten whether he had or not served on the tribunal, and only agreed it might have been so when he was shown official documents to that effect.

On the other hand, at Domrémy, the thirty-six witnesses who



came forward in 1455 to testify before the papal notaries had nothing to conceal, and their evidence brings us vividly many happy memories of Joan's childhood. Labourers and wives of labourers mostly, they spoke with the intimate and unerring knowledge that everyone in a village has of everyone else. Morel tells us that on her way to Reims she gave him the "red dress, poor and worn" which Bertrand de Poulengey had seen her wearing at Vaucouleurs. She knew by then that never again would she return home, never again wear her homely dress. Not only Morel but Jeannette, Hauviette, Isabellette, who were children with her, tell us of the wood, the well and the fairies' tree under which they had played and danced. Laxart, a relation of hers who lived at Burey-le-Petit on the way to Vaucouleurs, and Catherine Leroyer of Vaucouleurs, with both of whom Joan had been staying for some weeks previous to her departure for Chinon, have preserved for us some typical sayings of hers that had greatly impressed them. All these humble witnesses agree that not only was Joan good in every sense of the word, but they all insist on her unusually strong religious sense and piety. As a small child, leaving them to their games she would say: "I must go, I want to talk with God." They remembered how they used to tease her about her going to church so often, and how their remarks made her bashful.

Another group of witnesses needed no guiding, no prompting, and indeed would not have suffered interference. They were the blunt captains who had fought by the side of Joan at Orleans, Meung, Beaugency, Patay, and their accounts are an epic record, not only of the prowess of Joan in battle, but of the soundness of her advice on military matters. Among them we have the two knights who escorted her to Chinon, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengey, the Bastard of Orleans, who crossed the Loire to meet her and whom she chided for having made her come the wrong side of the river; d'Alençon, who, on seeing her for the first time at Chinon, coursing, lance in hand as well as any knight would have done, presented her with a horse. Joan always had a great liking for him. It is unlikely that this nobleman in giving his evidence would have been influenced by the king's wishes, since he was soon to desert his cause. These soldiers had nothing to fear, nothing to conceal. They are not answering a list of selected and leading questions for the commission or



inquiry, but give in their own words their lengthy and unprompted accounts and visibly let their minds dwell happily on those amazing days of swift victories when a young maid of seventeen, God's miracle, shared the dangers of battle, almost led them, and certainly inspired them. Her bravery, as they describe it, was astonishing and unique, but more so her uncanny knowledge of military matters. Their impression when they first met her may have been one of amused scepticism, but it grew in a few days into a stupefied admiration and "hope": (this is the very word chosen by the Bastard of Orleans). These rough soldiers who had little respect for female chastity, all note with great surprise that in the company of Joan—who, d'Aulon says, was a good looking and well formed young woman—they never felt anything but respect and almost reverence. Add to their testimonies those of Pasquerel, the chaplain of the Maid, who remained at her side even in battle; that of Louis de Contes, who had been her little page and had access to her at all times at Chinon; that of Dame la Touroulde, with whom Joan had lodged at Bourges for a few weeks. Take them, place them side by side together and you have before you an imposing mass of evidence. They prove, without any shadow of doubt, the point that this trial was intended to clarify, namely, that this same Joan of Arc who had been condemned to death as a witch, as a heretic and schismatic, as an evil woman, was in fact a fervent Christian, who from her earliest childhood had looked upon the service of, and obedience to, God and the fear of offending Him as the foundation of Christian life, a maid whose purity had been remarked upon by everyone, man or woman, who approached her. Her declaration to her judges, "Were I conscious of having offended God mortally, I should be the most unhappy of women," was nothing but the absolute truth.

George Bernard Shaw is an entertaining playwright but he is certainly no historian, and his love of paradox led him to make some very foolish assertions. In the preface of his play, *Saint Joan*, he assures us that the first trial at Rouen was not political, that it was "honest" and "exceptionally merciful"; that Cauchon was "self-disciplined and conscientious," that he was "too considerate to Joan." On the other hand, according to the same playwright, this second trial for the annulment of the verdict of Rouen "was as corrupt as the contrary proceeding applied to Cromwell."

Most of the evidence is that of eye-witnesses who had no interest in arranging or perverting the facts. In small details—for instance, as to the person who helped Joan to put on her armour before the battle at St. Loup—their memory may be at fault, but in their appreciation of St. Joan's character, of her abilities, in their narrative of the main facts, there is too much unanimity for us to entertain any doubts. We can neglect a quantity of second-hand evidence that was admitted at the time, for none of it is of any importance. We could wish that many more witnesses had been called in, but many were dead. Some who had since rallied to the royal cause were too important to be brought before the Commission and to incriminate themselves. Not a few, the Inquisitor, Jean Lemaistre, among them, had disappeared. Some of the judges who had been obviously hostile to Joan, when cited to appear, tried to represent themselves as models of kindness and impartiality, or else, owing to an extraordinary failure of memory, had lost all recollection of the trial. We have already mentioned a remarkable case of amnesia: that of the bishop of Noyon. All this is very human, but whatever these men concealed or distorted does not obscure a luminous and all-important fact, namely, that the charges which caused Joan of Arc's condemnation were false. She was not a witch. She had not won her victories through black magic. She was no heretic; she was no schismatic, and she was evidently a woman of outstanding purity. This clearing of her character was abundantly and conclusively established by the testimonies of all the people who had known her since her childhood.

The inquiry also established many illegalities which by themselves would have vitiated the trial of Rouen. At the start of the proceedings in 1431, to the great disgust of Cauchon, an eminent lawyer, Jean Lohier, had expressed the opinion that they ought not to proceed against Joan in the matter of faith: the trial should not have been held under the eyes of the English in the castle, but in the ordinary law-courts; the French king should have been represented, since the matter dealt with his honour. Joan should have had counsel to advise her, for, said Lohier, as regards her apparitions, if she had said "I think," instead of "I know," no man would have condemned her. The judges of 1456 found that there had been a few cases of intimidation; that the summary of the trial (the twelve articles) sent to the University

of Paris, and on which Joan had been convicted, was not a truthful account of the evidence and of the findings; that Joan was sent to the stake without the sentence of death having ever been pronounced by the English authorities, and without having been judged or condemned by them. The very legal forms of the trial had been in many ways vitiated, and we can accept as a fact that some of the judges were intimidated and threatened by Cauchon and perhaps by the English as well. The ecclesiastical sentence was illegal as well as unjust and contrary to the evidence. In the words of the papal tribunal: "The previous trial and sentence were manifestly tainted with fraud, calumny, injustice, contradiction and error, in fact and in law, and the proceedings were therefore null and valueless."

The Process of Revision had started in Paris in the church of Notre-Dame. It was eminently fitting that Rouen which had witnessed Joan's condemnation and martyrdom should also witness both rehabilitation and reparation. The judgment was therefore promulgated in the archiepiscopal palace of Rouen and read by the Archbishop of Reims. This was followed by a procession and sermon outside the church of St. Ouen, the scene of Joan's recantation, and the next day by a sermon on the Old Market place where Joan had been burnt alive. In order to perpetuate her memory a cross was erected in the Old Market on the very spot where the scaffold had stood.

This cross disappeared long ago and was replaced by another which went the same way as the first. Now a statue stands in their place, representing St. Joan at the stake, and perhaps one day, when it no longer reflects the contemporary taste, it will also vanish in its turn. Stone decays, iron rusts; more lasting is the memory of great deeds nobly done. After five hundred years, the fame, the pure glory of Saint Joan of Arc shines more brilliantly than ever. She belongs to the world as well as to France. Her old enemies praise her as sincerely as those for whom she fought and died. Her contemporary, the poet Alain Chartier, writing in July 1429 expressed our modern feelings when he said of her: ". . . Tu regni decus, tu Lili lumen, tu lux, tu gloria NON GALLORUM TANTUM sed CHRISTIANORUM OMNIUM."

## THE CENTURY OF TOTAL WAR

THERE MAY BE THOSE who find military history to be dull reading. If so they are greatly to be pitied. For not to be able to read, let us say, Belloc's *Malplaquet*, Mercer's *Waterloo*, Napier's *Albuera* and the inimitable Marbot would be a deprivation indeed. However, one reflection prompted by a perusal of the third volume of General Fuller's monumental work<sup>1</sup> may provide such people with a grain of satisfaction, and that is that the more modern the battle the less interesting it is to read about. Up to the turn of the nineteenth century a battle, whether on land or sea, was a comprehensible whole conforming more or less to the Aristotelian rules governing the drama, that is to say, preserving the unities of time and place and having a recognisable beginning, climax and end. But with the dawn of what M. Raymond Aron has called the Century of Total War the outlines begin to blur, battles are drawn-out affairs lasting for days and even weeks, leaving at the end an impression of general exhaustion rather than one of victory or defeat to either side. Take, for example, the description in this book of the great sea-fight of Midway Island in 1942. It was, we are told, "the first decisive defeat suffered by the Japanese Navy in 350 years." But what are we to make of a battle in which the fighting took place over vast distances of ocean exclusively between carrier-borne aircraft, and in the course of which "not a shot was fired between surface vessels"? In the case of land battles, although we have not reached such extremities as these, yet the tendency is in the same direction. It is, for example, a bit staggering to learn that in one of their sweeps before Moscow in 1941, the Germans took 663,000 prisoners, when one remembers that that alone is almost as many men as Napoleon had in his invading army in 1812. Operations upon so vast a scale as this are almost beyond the ordinary reader's comprehension. In all of which, however, let it not be thought that any blame attaches to the author. On the contrary he brings the same brilliant analytical power to bear on the larger as on the smaller episodes. To take two instances only: the battle of the Marne and the battle of Warsaw in 1920. Both these, in conciseness of narrative and clarity of exposition, are outstanding examples of how a thing of the sort should be done.

One is tempted, moreover, to quote from the various observations which the author allows himself to make as a soldier from time to time, and particularly as a tank specialist. In speaking of the German breakthrough in France in 1940 he says: "Throughout the campaign, the crucial tactical error was the persistence of the allies to maintain a

<sup>1</sup> *The Decisive Battles of the Western World* (Vol. III), by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. (Eyre and Spottiswoode 45s).

continuous front, and the result was that they were never able to find sufficient forces to deliver a powerful counter-attack." That is surely to put a finger right on the spot. At the same time it is only fair to Weygand to remember that the politicians in Paris would never have allowed him to denude the line which stood between them and the enemy; and in order to form a counter-attacking force it would have been necessary not merely to denude his line but to open wide gaps in it. And again, later on—and this time it is the tank commander speaking—he says: "the tank general should have his eyes fixed on the winning post, like a jockey, not, like a cautious transport leader, on the tail of his convoy."

When he comes to contemporary events the author shows himself to be a bold and outspoken critic of men and measures. Not a few of his criticisms will, no doubt, rouse the ire of many who are far less well qualified to pass judgment than he. All the same he is never unjust, and there are occasions when his silence speaks louder than could the direst condemnation. The Dardanelles campaign is not one of these occasions. On that subject he has no hesitation in speaking out. In the first place, he says, the thing ought never to have been undertaken at all. In the second place, any small chances it might have had of success were botched beforehand by the First Lord of the Admiralty's playing around with His Majesty's ships outside the narrows. In the third place, Sir Ian Hamilton was ill-chosen as the leader of such an expedition. Some of Sir Ian's subordinates come in for rough handling at the same time. So far so good. It has all been said before and may well, at this stage, represent a fairly generally-held view of the whole affair. He has some other no less strongly expressed views, however, which are even more likely to call forth cries of rage from certain quarters, as when he asserts that the only reason for the six weeks' delay in Hitler's invasion of Russia in 1941 was the fact that the Bug and its tributaries were still at flood level. This removes at a blow what has always been put forward as the one justification of the switching of Wavell's men to Greece at that time, namely, that it was their intervention that was in fact the main reason for the postponement of the German invasion. General Fuller is a professional soldier and as such, quite naturally, admires the German fighting man. This admiration leads him, however, into one or two unfair statements. Is it fair to say, for instance, that the terms offered to France by Prussia in 1871 were "moderate and in no way vindictive"? Contemporary opinion, on the contrary, was aghast at their severity. And why quote the singularly inept remark of the peripatetic Colonel House from the depth of the German maw in Berlin to President Wilson in 1913: "Whenever England consents, France and Russia will close in on Germany and Austria"? Such *obiter dicta* are apt to be taken seriously and are best left



in discreet oblivion. Elsewhere, however, the writer has his feet well planted upon firm ground, as where he speaks of the two great bastions—Germany and Austria—which protected Europe against Asia, and how President Wilson (and not he alone, be it said) “set out to weaken the northern bastion by refusing to treat with William II and his government except on terms of total surrender, while the southern bastion he utterly destroyed in spite of the dictates of history.” That is truly said and, following the same line of thought, it leads the author into making some yet severer strictures on the unconditional surrender policy of the second world war. That this was indeed a fatuous and direful decision there can be no doubt, and it would appear that it was Roosevelt who was responsible for first enunciating it. But there can equally be no doubt that it fully expressed the feelings and aspirations of the Common Man at this time. In fact it was precisely the enthusiastic reception accorded to it by that individual which should have warned his leaders that they had said a foolish thing. The whole story of the failure of the Americans and ourselves—except for Mr. Churchill, fitfully—to grasp the importance of the political as opposed to the purely military implications of the war makes painful reading; and should there be any who still require to be convinced they will find the sorry facts here tellingly set forth.

This volume, like the two earlier ones, is amply provided with maps and references as well as with an excellent index, and fittingly completes a work which both by reason of its grasp of historic detail and its clear sweep of narrative will long remain a classic of its kind.

JOHN McEWEN

## REVIEWS

### EPISCOPATE ANCIENT AND MODERN

*Old Priest and New Presbyter*, by Norman Sykes (Cambridge University Press 27s 6d).

THE United Church of South India has been deplored by disquieted Anglo-Catholics as a dangerous novelty in Church relationships. Certain precedents in Anglican history could indeed be claimed for it. There were the two attempts to force episcopacy upon Presbyterian Scotland under the Stuarts, and a few known cases before 1662 in which non-episcopally ordained ministers had been inducted into Anglican benefices. There was also the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric, and on the Low Church wing there have been constant irregularities, at home and on the mission field, in regard to giving communion to Nonconformists and foreign Protestants, of which the Kikuyu affair was the most notorious. None of these “anomalies” however (as



Anglo-Catholics call them) was permanent, or left any lasting trace behind. South India, on the other hand, shows every sign of permanence, and may well pave the way for future re-union schemes on similar lines which bridge the gulf between episcopal and non-episcopal ministries.

The great importance of Dr. Sykes's book lies in the thoroughness and scholarship with which he torpedoed the Tractarian position which held that a valid episcopacy was a sacramental necessity, and that the official formularies of the Church of England guaranteed that position. Dr. Sykes investigates these formularies in their historical and theological context, examines the writings of the Elizabethan and Caroline divines, and the practice of the Church of England both as regards non-episcopal ministers abroad and in Scotland, and in the matter of exiled Anglicans freely making their communions in Protestant churches in Europe, and comes to the conclusion that there is practically no evidence in pre-Tractarian times that episcopacy was ever regarded as an absolute sacramental necessity. Certainly Bishops were regarded as essential to the perfection of the ministry because they were of apostolic foundation; therefore in England episcopacy was tenaciously maintained. But those reformed Churches which through no fault of their own had lost the episcopal succession in their struggle to restore "primitive doctrine" were never regarded as having "unchurched" themselves, nor were their sacraments invalid in Anglican eyes. When episcopacy was forcibly restored to Scotland after the restoration of Charles II, there was no question of re-ordaining the Presbyterian ministers who retained their cures under the new bishops, although (like the non-episcopal ministers in South India today) they were not allowed, after 1662, to minister in England.

Dr. Sykes does not write pro-South Indian propaganda; the book is too comprehensive in its wide range of scholarship, and too objective in its treatment, to be purely *ad hoc*. And indeed it was completed before the decisions of the Convocations of July 1955. Although extremely relevant to this crisis, *Old Priest and New Presbyterian* will remain a textbook on Anglican episcopacy for at least a generation, and will certainly exert a powerful influence, to the permanent discomfort of Anglo-Catholics. Nevertheless, he cites some interesting evidence from South India itself. Before the establishment of the Anglican bishopric at Calcutta in 1814, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge when faced with a shortage of Anglican missionaries employed German and Danish Lutheran ministers at Tranquebar, and even approved of their presbyteral ordination of native converts. Then as now the S.P.C.K. was an official Anglican body, under the Presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Tranquebar mission was an Anglican mission. It is impossible

therefore to escape the conclusion that Lutheran orders were recognised *de facto*, as Presbyterian orders had been in Scotland.

The main thesis of Dr. Sykes's book, then, is that the Tractarians in their exclusive claims for episcopacy were not, as they believed, re-asserting the traditional Anglican position against the carelessness and anomalies of the age, but that they were importing a novelty. The Tractarian view, upheld by Anglo-Catholics today, has succeeded in exerting a strong influence on recent Church relationships, but in a way which cannot be justified by any appeal to Anglican history. For instance, Dr. Sykes quotes a typical statement made by the Anglican representatives on a joint commission of Anglicans and Freechurchmen in 1925 that "in the confused times of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, exceptions to the rule requiring episcopal ordination sometimes occurred," but that "they form a very insecure basis of precedent." He comments (after an impressive catena of evidence earlier in the book from Hooker, Whitgift, Bramhall, Thorndike, Jewel, Laud, Hall, Bilson, and many others), that this position "does less than justice both to the historical evidence and to its interpretation. For the alleged 'confusion of the times' was neither intellectual nor theological, since the Tudor and Stuart churchmen in question had a coherent and consistent theory of church polity and order . . . though episcopacy was necessary where it could be had, its absence owing to circumstances of historical necessity did not invalidate the ministry and sacraments of the foreign and reformed churches. Accordingly the instances of the admission of such ministers of presbyterian ordination to benefices with cure of souls in England were simply the translation of precept and principle into practice."

The prominent Anglo-Catholic Dr. Darwell Stone admitted that if the Tractarians had better understood the Anglican post-Reformation tradition they would very likely not have had the heart to go on, for "any reference to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries' English formularies and divines is a broken reed for anything except the practical requirement" of episcopal ordination for ministry in the Church of England. And unless Dr. Sykes can be answered on historical grounds with a scholarship equal to his own—which seems unlikely—Anglo-Catholics are now driven to the position that after all episcopacy was providentially preserved for England despite "anomalies," and despite a universally faulty and inadequate teaching concerning it throughout four centuries of Anglican history, until the Tractarians arose to interpret it aright. But as the Tractarians themselves (mistakenly) appealed to Anglican history and tradition, this modern Anglo-Catholic position presents a new *volte face* that, as Dr. Sykes points out, is "hardly reassuring or sound."

WALTON HANNAH

## AN ESTABLISHMENT OF OUTSIDERS

*The Outsider*, by Colin Wilson (Gollancz 21s).

TO PUBLISH at twenty-four a book which attempts to trace a common theme through the work of Kierkegaard and the Existentialists, Hemingway, Hesse, Kafka, Thomas Mann, Nietzsche, T. E. Lawrence, Nijinsky, Van Gogh, Dostoevsky, Blake, T. E. Hulme, Shaw, Ramakrishna and Gurdjieff, with a host of honourable mentions by the way, Mr. Wilson must be a great reader. A touch of the soap-box manner, some wildness in argument and shoddiness of style, and the lack of an index, suggest that he is also a great talker.

So we are invited to bring our drinks and gather round for a canter through the works of those who have formulated the problems of the Outsider: a desire for truth, a sense of isolation, the urge to self-consciousness and self-realisation, the baffling setbacks, the search for a belief, for a release, mystical perhaps, from doubts and questionings. The voice goes on; but the audience becomes restive. Have we not heard all this before? Is this not the theme of the Romantic Rebel, the *malheur d'être artiste*, the believer against the grain, the Disinherited Mind? No, says Mr. Wilson: the specific Outsider situation is not just social, artistic, religious, but perhaps (he is not sure) psychological. It began in literature with Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground*, or perhaps with Goethe's *Werther*, and Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf* is a classic statement of the theme. At this point, a Linguist nursing his Lager objects querulously to the misquotation of this work throughout as *Steppanwolf*, complains that Mr. Wilson does not even know that all Hesse's mature works are profoundly influenced by his Jungian analysis of 1916-17, points to other gross misapprehensions in Thomas Mann and Goethe's *Faust*, and suspects that Mr. Wilson knows no German. A Lemon Squash reminds us that Mr. Wilson is innocent of any distinctions of method: his Outsider is now a social misfit or psychopath, now a kind of hero, saint, mystic, elsewhere a shadow figure of the artistic imagination. He, the Squash, enumerates (mock-seriously) a Noble Army of *Aussenseitertum*: Goethe's *Faust*, Rousseau, Gogol's *Nose*, Dostoevsky's *Double*, and all creators of *doppelgänger* . . . Luther at Worms, Christ before Caiaphas, all heretics . . . the heroes of Mr. Greene from Pinkie to Fowler, and of Mr. Waugh from Penny-feather to Crouchback . . . figures of the popular imagination, as Raffles, Ned Kelly, Davy Crockett, and all picaresque anti-heroes . . . Charlie Chaplin, Aneurin Bevan, Redbrick. The talker accepts (seriously) some of these, rejects others for no apparent good reason (thus Mr. Greene, p. 243). A Dry Sherry from the British Museum instances the Outsider theme as another of those distressing Continental assaults on the stability of our critical currency by giving high value to small

coin. Terms which were once quite clear (*barroco*, a rough or irregular pearl, eighteenth century; *outsider*, a person not fit to mix with good society, 1800, S.O.D.) are distended and devalued by being applied in ever wider contexts: to art, literature, thought, life. The wider the mesh the more useless the net; Mr. Wilson has cast his net wide, with results happy for the fish. Meanwhile, the only genuine Outsider in the company, a bearded Herb Tea knowledgeable on the Jesuit martyrs, has quietly disappeared.

Quite as interesting as the book itself has been its great success. The concept of the Outsider, for all its vagueness, is archetypal. It embodies the unsatisfied urge of our times, and especially of all *artistes manqués*, thus exercising a peculiar fascination on critics. There is by now something downright cosy about the names Kierkegaard, Camus, Kafka. Can it be that *Aussenseitertum* is something of a pose, creating its own opposite and enemy—the Mass, the Bourgeois, the Establishment—by projection? All men are Outsiders, but some seem more Inside than others. To some, the freemasonry of literary despair looks distressingly like a Happy Circle: the Establishment in miniature. Mr. Wilson is assured of a future in that most Established Circle of Outsiders: the Third Programme; he will be hard put to it to maintain his Outsider status.

F. J. STOPP

#### WIND AND FIRE OF THE SPIRIT

*The Lord*, by Romano Guardini, translated from the German by Elinor Casterdyk (Longmans 28s).

THIS BOOK is a preacher's and teacher's book, not so much because those who teach and preach Christ will find in it ready-made material, as because of what by God's grace it may be the means of making them.

The great need of our time is that men should know, not just *about* Christ, but that they should know Him in the knowledge of faith and in so knowing should realise their need of Him. When St. Peter and the eleven went out from the Upper Room, on the first Pentecost, where the Wind and the Fire of the Spirit had swept through them, the men and women who thronged the streets of Jerusalem heard their preaching of the Risen Christ and were struck to the heart with compunction, crying out, "What shall we do, men and brethren?" It was the inspired Apostolic *kerygma*, the proclamation of Christ's redeeming power, that swept them into the Church. "There is no other Name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved." Later this proclamation was crystallised in the New Testament Scriptures. Today the Church presents this same Apostolic proclamation, as it did long

ago on its birthday, yet how many of us miss its message or receive it all too feebly, because we so seldom hear the Word of God proclaimed by its living voice in a way that touches our hearts and awakens in us the response "What shall we do?"

We ourselves were probably taught our faith, not so much in the concrete, vivid and personal terms of the Apostolic preaching as in the abstract formulas of the catechism. The priest who speaks the Word of God to us from the pulpit has studied it by exact analysis of the careful safeguarding definitions of theology, in which the mysteries of faith have been enshrined by the Church. Yet so often for him and for us these definitions remain propositions, useful, true and necessary, but without power to bring us into vital contact with the living Christ of the Gospels, and so with Christ living in His Mystical Body. Too often there is a gap, which can only be filled by the preaching of Christ, the Word of God, as the Scriptures present Him. This alone can bring to life in us the useful and necessary propositions of our catechism and our theology, themselves incapable in isolation from it of communicating life.

To help to fill this gap is what Romano Guardini's book attempts to do, and does, by its dynamic searching penetration into and presentation of the Apostolic *kerygma*. He makes even the Gospel genealogies come alive. It is a preacher's book, and behind what it says we can sense deep, prayerful and scholarly thought. It is not however a scholar's book in the sense that there is in it no apparatus of critical learning, though the thought clearly takes account of much of the best and most fruitful critical work, both old and new, upon the gospel text.

Guardini goes straight to the heart of the mystery of our Redemption and faces that mystery as it is revealed in the hypostatic union of the Godhead and Manhood in Christ. Both sides of the mystery—true God and true Man—must be given full weight by being held in equal tension. The eternal invisible King who dwells in light inaccessible, and the High Priest able to have compassion upon our infirmities because tried like us in all things yet without sin. We can grasp, in some sense, by faith the fullness of truth in both humanity and divinity, but we can understand neither wholly. It is specially in his treatment of the temptation in the wilderness, the agony in the Garden and the cry of dereliction on the Cross that Guardini helps us to penetrate into the depths of the one, as it is his account of the preparatory transfiguration and the final transfiguration of the Resurrection appearances that aids us in reaching out towards an understanding of its glorification by the other.

And so Jesus, every aspect of His humanity coming into possession, as it were, of the Godhead more fully as He grew in years and



experience, remained alone as He advanced to His Passion, alone because none understood. Even His Blessed Mother, as Guardini brings out, with perhaps a touch of over-emphasis, lived till the Resurrection in a faith which though perfect was blind. It was the Wind and the Fire of Pentecost which brought full knowledge and understanding to her and to the Apostles. That same Wind and Fire of the Spirit are still at work in men's souls today, to bring us to know the Christ whom God has sent. Guardini's book is one which will urgently assist us along the road to that knowledge.

HENRY ST. JOHN

### FRANCISCANS IN CALIFORNIA

*The Long Road of Father Serra*, by Theodore Maynard (Staples 15s).

IN THE ROTUNDA of the Capitol in Washington, D.C., there may be seen the statues of famous men and women that each of the forty-eight States has decided were distinguished in their local history. The confrontation of the many varied personalities and viewpoints in such men as Madison and Fr. Marquette for example makes that pantheon an interesting essay in American history in itself and underlines again the variety of influences that have shaped the people of the United States. California has chosen to represent it a Franciscan missionary Junípero Serra, a man whose inspiring career was closed many decades before it entered the Union, yet no one who reads this "popular" biography can fail to see the wisdom of the choice. Junípero Serra was born in Majorca in 1713, entered the Franciscan Order at an early age, and after teaching theology for several years went as a missionary to Mexico in 1749. He served a long apprenticeship in learning the ways of the Indians in the missions north-east of Querétaro and then when the dramatic expulsion of the Jesuits as a prelude to their suppression stripped the missions of lower California, with his fellow Franciscans he took up the burden of these other missions while keeping their own as well. His claim to fame however lies in his leadership of the Franciscan penetration of upper California where the first European settlement was founded at San Diego on 16 July 1769, soon to be followed by the chain of stations along the Camino Real at San Luis Obispo, San Juan Capistrano and elsewhere. While the golden period of the missions belongs to the leadership of Fr. Lasuén after Fr. Serra's death in 1784, when California's missions grew in resemblance to the Paraguay reductions, the foundations were laid well in the time of Fr. Serra. He was a saintly man of seemingly infinite patience and kindness, generous and indefatigably zealous. His cause is now under consideration for beatification.

Mr. Maynard has attempted a difficult theme, one that requires a



detailed knowledge of later eighteenth-century Spanish and colonial history, which is not much in evidence on these pages. A prime difficulty is that one of the major sources for the life of Fr. Serra was written by a fellow Franciscan missionary, Fr. Pelóu, who shows at times more enthusiasm and imagination than accuracy. The occasions for accepting or rejecting him in his facts in composing a biography of Fr. Serra are many and to this reviewer at least Mr. Maynard's rules of interpretation are rather quixotic. The definitive biography of Serra has yet to be written, for that we must look to the patient scholarship of Fr. Geiger, but until his work is completed, English readers might easily find in Mr. Maynard's pages something to whet their appetite to know of a man who laboured long and well to bring the gospel to the Indians of California.

A. J. LOOMIE

### GENESIS AND SCIENCE

*Beginnings: Genesis and Modern Science*, by Charles Hauret. Translated and adapted from the fourth French edition by E. P. Emmans, O.P., S.T.Lr., S.S. Prolyta (Dubuque, The Priory Press \$3.25).

THE WELCOME this book has received in its French dress warrants the hope that this English translation will also reach a wide circle of readers. The disparity of price may, however, militate somewhat against it. The original edition was priced at 300 francs. The reverend author, who is a professor at the University of Strasbourg, wrote the chapters of the book in the first instance for a course of lectures and this has left its mark in a rather popular style, which does not detract from its real merit and will not make it less welcome to the class of readers envisaged. The author's aim is to show that, if properly understood, there is not and cannot be a conflict between the early chapters of Genesis on the origins of the world and of man on the one hand, and the secure findings of science on the other. The notes are printed separately at the end of each chapter, whereas in the French edition they are placed at the foot of the page. A comparison of the bibliographical references shows that they have undergone considerable change to suit the new public now in view.

It may be of interest to mention a few of the many opinions set forth in the book. The first chapter of Genesis does not formally teach creation out of nothing but points the path to that doctrine. It is considered as at least a possibility that life originally arose by spontaneous generation and that some day this phenomenon may be reproduced in our laboratories. In the Protoevangelium, it is pointed out, the seed of the serpent cannot include wicked men. They, like all others, are already included in the seed of the woman, and the final victory over

the powers of evil is promised to mankind, collectively, it is true, and not individually. This point is missed in some commentaries on the passage. It is surprising to read that "it is permissible to believe that [Pius XII] did not intend to settle the debate between monogenism and polygenism." Unfortunately the author does not explain how this statement is to be reconciled with the words the Pope uses about polygenism: "the Faithful cannot embrace that opinion" ("*Non enim Christifideles eam sententiam amplecti possunt*," in *Humani generis, Acta Apostolici Sedis* 42 [1950] 576).

There are, of course, other points on which exegetes will not see eye to eye with the author. In the opening verses of Genesis it is said that the earth is represented as a "shapeless mass" and that "the earth and waters intermingle." In fact the text only describes the waters as lying on the earth. And Psalm 103: 6, referring to this passage, says "the waters stood above the mountains." The earth was already shaped and formed, but all was waste, as there was no vegetation, and void or empty, as there were as yet no living beings on its surface. Very improbable, too, is the suggestion that by the breath of God was meant the atmosphere. Was it realised that there is an atmosphere? The winds were not thought to be just motions of air, but were considered to be kept in store-chambers on the confines of the world.

There are rather numerous misprints, which could be corrected in a future edition. One or two points of translation might also be emended. It is misleading to speak of a "sphere" being placed over the earth. The rivers coming down from the Zagros mountains and finding their way in ancient days into the Persian Gulf cannot have flowed "in an easterly direction." And the phrase "*à la rigueur*" does not mean "properly interpreted."

EDMUND F. SUTCLIFFE

## SHORTER NOTICES

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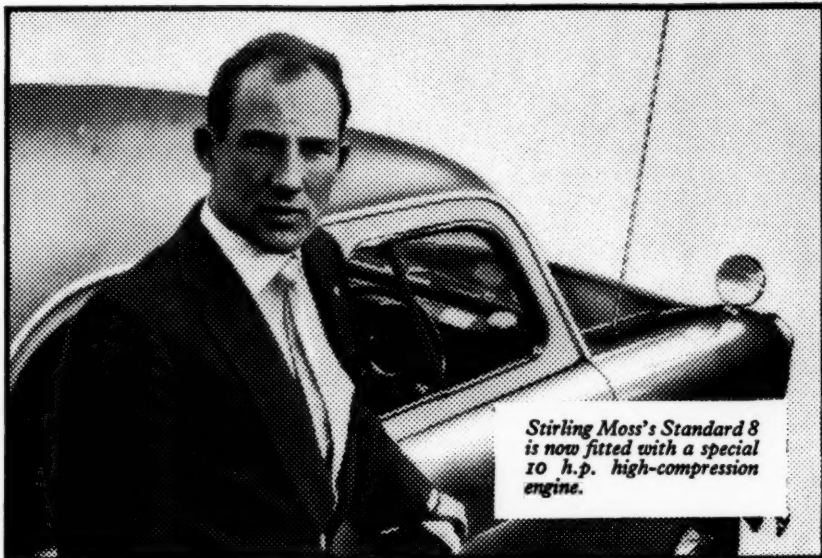
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